

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE NATION'S NARROW ESCAPE

See
Page
Seven

BILLY BEACH'S DREAM IS TRUE

NEW ROMANCE OF HUDSON BAY

The Grain Trains Are Arriving
and the New Town is Rising

FORT CHURCHILL BECOMES PORT CHURCHILL

The grain elevator is now working at Churchill, the fort on the western shore of Hudson Bay, and Billy Beach's dream has come true at last, though Billy is no longer there to see the reality.

Twenty-five years have passed since Billy Beach began to agitate for the railway to be brought from the heart of Canada to this land-locked harbour, which mariners had known for 300 years as Fort Churchill.

Billy himself had reached it paddling his canoe along 500 miles of stream. Here in this land of his dreams he had built him a log-hut on the Point, and had begun to hammer into the heads of his fellow-countrymen what a splendid stepping-off ground this harbour was for Europe and the world.

The Advancing Wheatfields

The railway has now come, and for many months of the year Churchill will be the best and cheapest route for the harvests of central Canada.

Year by year scientists are breeding hardier and quicker-growing strains of wheat, and year by year the wheat-fields are advancing north.

The Prime Minister of Canada and his Minister of Railways have visited Churchill to give their blessing to the new railway. They have stood and gazed on the great trainloads of wheat pouring into this port of future greatness which Billy Beach saw but in a dream.

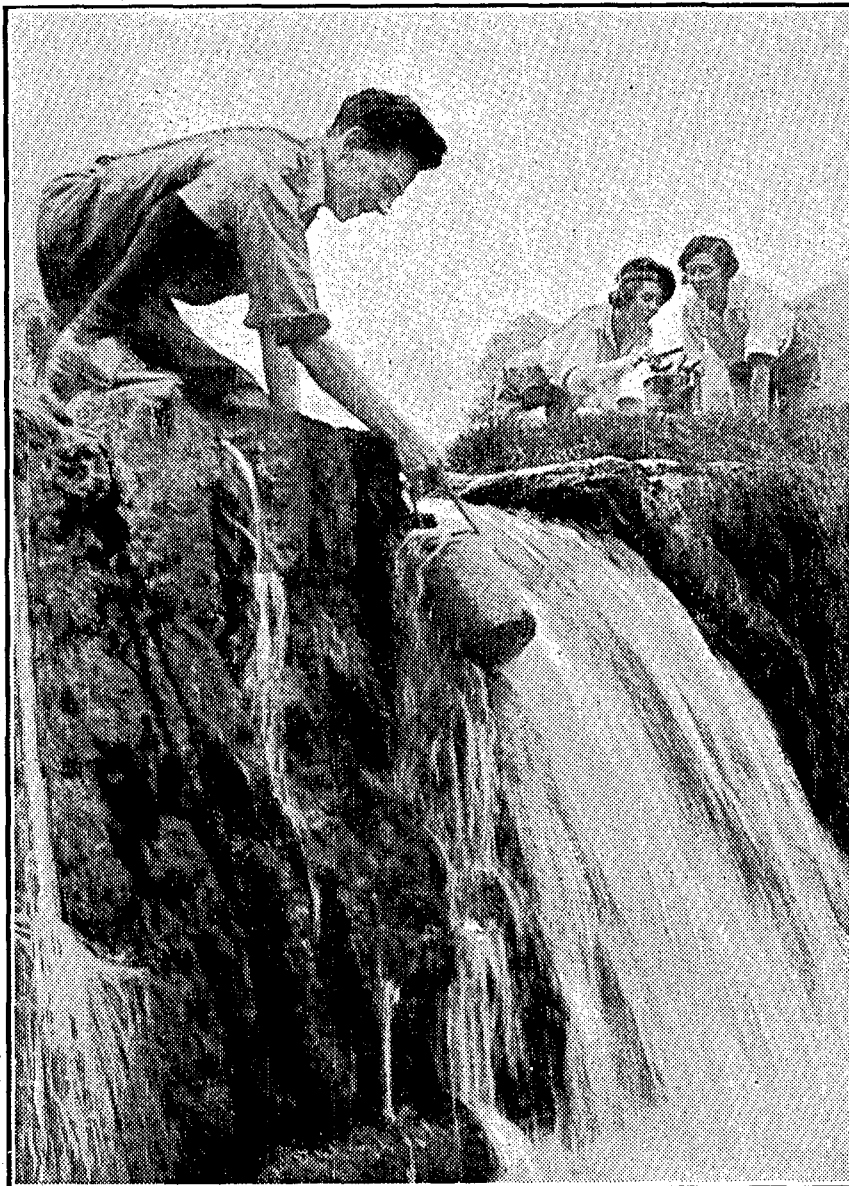
A new town is rapidly rising on the shore of Hudson Bay as the result of all these developments. It is not a question of a post of the Hudson's Bay Company slowly developing into a town as trade gradually increases. Fort Churchill has become Port Churchill, saving hundreds of miles on the journey between the prairie provinces and the Continent of Europe.

Henry Hudson Square

Two thousand men have been engaged during the past summer on the great 2,500,000-bushel grain elevator and the harbour works which will enable the port to enter the grain trade on a large scale in 1932.

Until the harbour facilities are ready no private settlement will be allowed. In the centre of the town is to be a large square named after Henry Hudson, the discoverer of Hudson Bay. It will have in the centre an open space 140 feet wide and 700 feet long enclosed by 80-foot traffic ways. In this square will be the town hall, and close by hotels, departmental stores, and banks are being

The Best Drink in the World



The question of water supply did not worry these campers in the mountains of Denbighshire, for they had conveniently pitched their tent by a waterfall.

erected. Residential streets 70 feet wide are being prepared as well as an avenue 100 feet wide; and a magnificent boulevard on which the railway station is being built and which leads to the grain elevator and docks will have a width of 150 feet. All squares, parks, and streets will be named after early explorers and other heroes in Canada's story. We hope there will be a street named after Billy Beach.

The long, cold winter experienced at Churchill makes water supply and drainage serious problems. For these reasons the town is to be compact and a large portion of the population will live in apartment houses. It is hoped eventually to have a central heating system for the whole town.

For the early inhabitants, who may be allowed to settle in Churchill next summer, water will be brought through pipes from lakes about three miles inland, but later the Churchill River will be the source of supply. When this happens the water will be piped

eight miles up the river, beyond the reach of tides, and it is proposed to bring the pipe to Churchill along the bed of the river, so that the running water will protect it from winter's severe frosts.

Rapid development of a place often means that a few individuals are made wealthy, but this will not happen at Churchill, for the seaport, railway, and grain elevator facilities are owned by the Federal Government, and the site of the new town is the property of the Government of Manitoba.

No land is to be sold, but 50-year leases are being granted.

FRANCE AND HER SUBMARINES

The biggest submarine in the world is possessed by the French Navy.

When afloat she looks a big ship, for she is 400 feet long. She actually carries 8-inch guns, with a range of 15 miles. The crew number 150, and on the surface the vessel has the speed of a swift cruiser.

A HELPING HAND FOR THE MOTHERLAND

KING AND PEOPLE

Mites and Fortunes at the
Service of the State

THE SPIRIT THAT PULLS THROUGH

The ill-wind of our national crisis has revealed a cheerful spirit of self-sacrifice among the highest and the humblest. We have all to rally to the country in peace as we did in war.

Without waiting for the decisions of the National Government as to what burdens were to be imposed upon them many citizens have of their own free will given of their wealth or their hard-earned savings in an endeavour to help the nation in the hour of stress.

This spirit, quite as much as the determination of the new Government, has had its part in restoring the confidence of foreign countries in our willingness and capacity to set our house in order.

Gifts to the Treasury

During the war many people cancelled their Government stock so that the State should be freed from paying interest on it and repaying it at a later date. Others sent gifts to the Treasury. Mr Baldwin himself sacrificed a sum of over £150,000 in this patriotic way.

Today the same thing is happening. The King has given £50,000 of his income, almost half the £110,000 granted for his Privy Purse.

The Prince of Wales has given £10,000 from his income and other members of the Royal Family are contributing in the same spirit. The Prime Minister loses £1000 a year of his salary.

During the war the King set a splendid example in self-sacrifice. By careful economy he was able to hand £100,000 back to our hard-pressed Treasury in 1916, and he set himself against luxury by commanding that no wines, spirits, or beer were to be consumed in any of his houses.

Patriotic Villagers

From pensioners and working women, from manufacturers and members of Parliament, gifts large and small have been sent to the Chancellor in our present emergency. One woman cancelled all the remaining vouchers in her old-age pensions book to the value of £17. The villagers of Adderley, in Shropshire, sent to the Treasury the sum of £4 2s, which is one shilling from every adult in the village. The Dorset villagers of Trent, Adber, and Hummer did likewise.

It was this spirit of self-denial among all classes that kept the nation strong and united through the weary years of the war, and it is this spirit that will soon lift our country out of her present difficulties, many of which, it must be remembered, are due to her own generosity to nations harder hit than herself.

ITALY'S IDEA FOR PEACE

GET ON WITH IT
Pull Down the Tariff Walls
and Let Us be Friends

SIGNOR GRANDI AT GENEVA

By Our League Correspondent

The League Assembly seems to have good weather of its own. Summer, though somewhat chilly, returned just in time to greet it and make its first days cheerful.

What fortune would this Assembly have in other ways? was the question in everybody's mind on the opening day. With so many changes in England, with Germany barely yet over her troubles, with many other uncertainties, what could this Assembly do?

Disarmament the Remedy

The first good fortune was in its choice of President. M. Titulesco, of Rumania, who presided so splendidly last year, was elected, to the general satisfaction as far as he himself and his ability for presiding are concerned, but with not a little regret that the Grand Old Man of Hungary, Count Apponyi, should have missed election by just three votes.

The second stroke of good fortune was the opening speech of the big debate made by Signor Grandi, Foreign Minister of Italy. It is thought by many to be the finest speech ever given in an Assembly. It was full of practical sound sense, declaring that the political and economic troubles of the world are closely bound together and that for the remedy for both we must look to a general reduction in armaments.

The pith and core of Signor Grandi's declaration was this:

If we want to come to the Disarmament Conference next February in the proper spirit let us cease from increasing armaments here and now.

A Noble Contribution

With this challenge Signor Grandi opened the general debate, and some of those who heard him must have found their memories running back to Signor Grandi's dramatic proposal at the Naval Conference in London, where he suggested that all battleships should be abolished—a noble contribution to world peace which every other nation ignored. Not even our own Government made any reference to an idea so bold, so sound, so eminently in keeping with the spirit of the Conference.

This is the first occasion on which Signor Grandi has addressed the League, and his speech has raised him at once to the rank of a great pioneer of peace.

"Countries today are suffering from high customs barriers (he said), and the reason is that, feeling the political situation to be insecure, they try to guard against that insecurity. As soon as we can free Europe from political insecurity the way is open for economic unity. Disarmament is therefore a starting point for many forms of development."

A Truce Here and Now

Signor Grandi then threw out the suggestion of a truce here and now in the armament policies of the various countries, asking them not to waste the months that must pass before the Conference meets. He spoke, too, of the wounds of the last war which, instead of lessening, are in some places being realised even more keenly, and "for the healing of those wounds," he said, "Europe can count upon the spirit of the Italian people."

He thinks that the League is able to do far more than it has yet been able to do, that there are many possibilities

HIDDEN TREASURE

A TALE FROM THE WILDS

The Man and His Secret in the Wilderness

INVISIBLE MAP

A story of hidden treasure and invisible ink that will appeal to boys of all ages comes from Australia.

Some time ago a man who was convinced that there was gold to be found in the wilds of Australia if only someone could discover the reef, went off on a journey of exploration. Camels carried his food and equipment and himself. He found what he sought and was returning triumphantly with nuggets in his bags and a rich tale to tell when disaster overtook him in the wilderness.

No one will ever know why his camels stampeded and left him. He was found alone, dead, with some papers explaining that he had found a wonderful gold reef where anyone might become rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Markings None Could Read

The sheet telling about the gold reef some ten miles long was clearly and definitely written, but the explorer had left out the exact directions necessary for finding the place. There was another paper with it, but this was covered with faint markings that no one could read.

People who heard the story thought the documents were written by a man whose imagination had supplied the facts. It was all romance, they said.

In the meantime the papers were handed over to the police authorities, and someone set to work on the faintly marked sheet, suspecting that it had been written in an invisible ink—lime water, perhaps—all that a desperate man might find handy or that a man intent on keeping his secret might use.

Camels Preferred to Cars

The correct treatment was discovered, and the faint marks became clear writing. It was found that this second sheet also described the gold reef but added directions and compass points missing in the first.

The papers and land concerned are now the property of the Central Australian Gold Company, and they are sending an expedition into the wilderness to find the reef and start prospecting. It seems to be entirely in keeping with the subject of hidden treasure and a chart and compass marks and "Dig here" that the explorers should be using camels rather than cars and aeroplanes.

We can imagine the company disappearing into the interior, in those vast distances of Australia, and even if they only find a little gold, they will think it worth while, in a humdrum world of offices and schoolrooms, to have lived for a few months in the world of romance.

Continued from the previous column

which have not yet been explored, and that in the Covenant may be found all guidance for the conduct of international relations.

A third stroke of good fortune which showed itself on the very first day was the proposal to invite Mexico to become a member of the League, a proposal coming from England, Germany, France, Spain, Italy, and Japan. By a very regrettable omission, Mexico was not included in the countries mentioned in the Covenant, and it was to repair that omission that a special invitation was now given instead of simply waiting for a formal application.

Among the familiar figures of delegates who have attended Assemblies year after year are now some new ones, of whom perhaps the most interesting group is that from Spain. The constitution of the new Republic shows clearly that it has no doubt of the value of the League, and the very strong delegation now taking part in the work at Geneva is admirably planned. Also the first woman member of the Cortes has come as a delegate.

HE TAUGHT FRY CRICKET

And His Father Published Ruskin's Books

A VERY LOVABLE FIGURE

We have just lost a very lovable figure and a link with one of the giants of the Victorian Era. Hugh Allen has died at 70.

He was the son of John Ruskin's publisher, and became Ruskin's pupil and friend. They did much work together. The other day Mr Allen made a sad pilgrimage to Ruskin's old home on Lake Coniston, and stood among ruins where once there had been firelight and books and pictures and talk. He caught a chill on this grievous journey and died.

Hugh Allen was not a one-sided man, and he loved games as well as art. One day when he was playing cricket at Orpington he saw a little boy watching over the wall. Allen called the boy in and gave him a first cricket lesson. Later the child became one of the greatest athletes of our time, and as C. B. Fry is something of a national hero to boys and men alike.

Intense Interest in Old Things

There was yet another side to Hugh Allen. He was intensely interested in old things, before most people realised their value, and when workmen were excavating old sites in order to lay new drains or raise fresh buildings Allen would watch for the little things they would have broken as rubbish. Many a curious treasure did he save for museums.

He could tell from a bit of pottery what sort of people lived here centuries ago. He could take up a piece of stone and conjure up the shaggy Briton who chipped it into shape to serve as weapon or tool. *So they buried Hugh Allen with a flint in his hand, the work of some pre-historic man.*

His, there can be no doubt, was the happiest kind of life, because it had so many interests and was like a house with windows open to every point of the compass.

GETTING TOGETHER

One More Big Family Idea

By Our League Correspondent

From one of the many committees working within the League of Nations comes a proposal for still another international institution, a bank for granting credits to industry in the same way that the International Credit Company will grant credits to agriculture.

The idea of this credit bank is to facilitate the issue of State loans of an international character with the help of the League, and, by granting credits, to enable countries to regain equilibrium and prosperity.

As an example of the need of such a bank we learn from the Director of the I.L.O., in connection with his brilliant schemes for providing Europe with international roads and riverways, so giving employment as well as taking the first steps toward a united continent, that many Governments are only prevented from putting such schemes in hand by lack of credit.

The success of this plan depends entirely on whether the countries of Europe, including our own, can achieve such political stability that confidence in each other will be restored and such loans thereby made possible.

The actual meaning of this is, of course, that the first necessity is an established peace. We have to learn that there can be no prosperity without peace.

Canada's developed water-power equals 617 horse-power for each thousand of the population, British Columbia having just over one horse-power for each man, woman, and child.

UNKNOWN SOLDIERS OF THE GREAT PEACE

LEAGUE AS GUARDIAN OF THE WORLD'S HOPE

Stirring Appeal To the Twelfth Assembly at Geneva

NOW TO WORK

These stirring words are from M. Titulesco of Rumania, in his opening speech to the Assembly, of which he is president.

Though at the present moment the flame of mutual confidence throughout the world wavers and almost fails, it is for us assembled here to prove to the world by concrete, visible, and swift action that the sacred fire of Geneva is in no danger of extinction.

If it is not yet powerful enough to kindle the world, it is strong enough at least to illuminate and guide it. This it actually does do today.

The League of Nations is not just a meeting of men who discuss endlessly in constant committees, as it may appear at first sight. It is a spirit and a way of doing things, a way of thinking and of acting. It is also an intellectual discipline, a mental habit, which makes understanding between peoples possible. It is above all a true world spirit which we acquire by taking active part in this work at Geneva, but which, once acquired, carries everything before it.

A Grave Injustice

We make no pretence of holding the monopoly of all efforts toward peace and understanding, but not to recognise that results obtained in the international sphere outside the League are nevertheless the fruit of its spirit is a grave injustice. Far from considering that these results obtained outside the League weaken its value, I claim these results as due to the League, and frankly write them down on the credit side of its balance sheet.

But if the League is thus active when invisible, it is still more so when the eyes of the world are upon it. Through all time men have looked for miracles; more than ever in these difficult days. Let us then show, by the courage of our decisions, that, though Geneva is not a place for miracles, yet goodwill and decisive action can produce even better results.

A Sacred Charge

Our task is a difficult and ungrateful one, but we cannot refuse it. We are the guardians of the great hope of the world. Who among us, to satisfy his own particular interest, would dare to do violence to that sacred charge?

We are on a difficult path, but we must not shirk the unknown. It is to self-sacrifice and to heroism that we are called. Are we downhearted? No. We are constructing a new world, and we are all in the workshop together. With each doing his task, who can doubt our success? If some day we are forgotten, if some day we are the Unknown Soldiers of the Great Peace, we shall have been among those who never lost faith.

Now to work.

THINGS SAID

I am an optimist. Mr Ganand
For motor drivers and air pilots alcohol is dangerous. Dr Leonard Hill

Would it not be a graceful act of international courtesy to floodlight Abraham Lincoln? Sir Henry Pollock

Far better to go with tight belts and stability than to go well-fed into confusion. Mr Ramsay MacDonald

One thing that has impressed me is the growth of goodwill among European nations. Mr Stimson

September 26, 1931

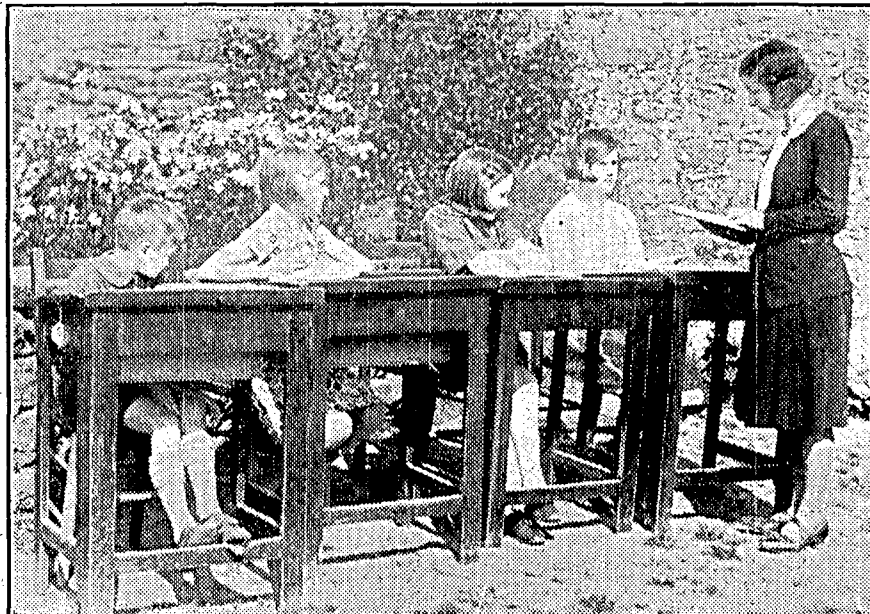
The Children's Newspaper

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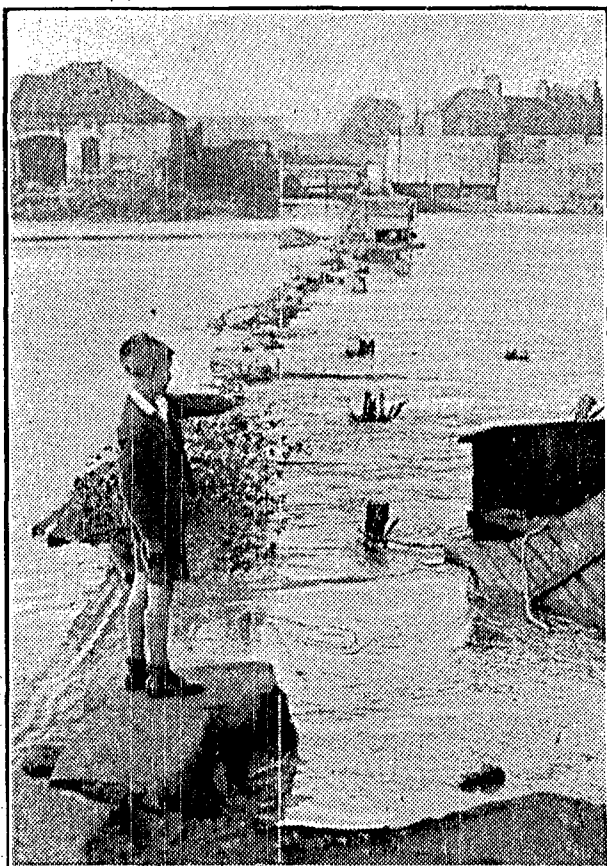
A SCHOOL FOR FOUR · BRIDGE WASHED AWAY · TWO GUIDERS IN SKYE



Helping Hands—While enjoying their holiday at Whitstable these two girls varied their programme of amusements by helping to carry ashore a basket of oysters which had been collected from the famous beds of this popular Kent resort.



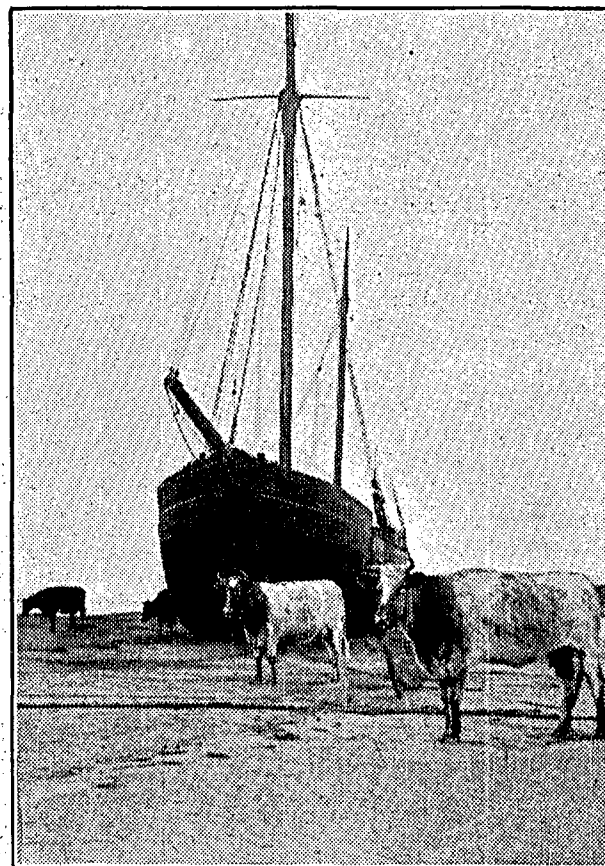
England's Smallest School—The reading lesson is here seen in progress outside the tiny Emblethorpe Council School, at Tarsset, among the fells of Northumberland. The schoolroom was once a shepherd's hut and the pupils are children of shepherds. See page 4.



The Broken Bridge—Owing to the heavy rains, rivers have become swollen and floods have occurred in many places. At Derby the Long Bridge was washed away by the swollen Derwent.



The Archer—One of man's earliest weapons still provides a graceful pastime. Here is one of the competitors in the Southern Counties Archery Championship at Tunbridge Wells.



After the Storm—The unusual sight of a boat among a number of cows was seen at Weston-super-Mare, where this vessel was left high on the beach after a storm.



A Guider in Skye—On page 10 the story is told of two Guiders who spent their holiday in the Isle of Skye. Here one of them is seen halted by a cairn while studying a map.



An Eightsome Reel—While at Portree in Skye the two English Guiders were entertained by the local Guiders, who danced an eightsome reel in the Commissioner's garden, as shown here.

THIS MONEY BUSINESS

THE GOLD AND PAPER MYSTERY

Why We Must Use Notes and Bills and Cheques

PLENTY OF WEALTH

We cannot try too often to understand the difficult business of money which is at the bottom of the World Crisis. One of our public men has sent us these notes on the subject.

In order to exchange surplus goods for other goods needed it is necessary to find some method of barter which is easy and generally acceptable. In some corners of the world cowrie shells or brass are used as a medium of exchange or a unit of value, but the usual medium is gold.

Even in periods of great industrial activity gold is a commodity that is seldom produced in excess of demand, for natural conditions make it difficult to supply sufficient to satisfy the world's demand for currency.

Paper

Civilised mankind, therefore, supplements the supply of gold with paper promises to pay, such as bank notes, bills of exchange, and cheques. These are equal to gold when issued by responsible persons, and are redeemable on demand in gold, being paid into a bank and credited to the holder, who can draw any part of the amount when he has need of it, or can use it as security for his own cheques or promises to pay.

If, however, many people say they want to be paid in gold, the whole system of exchange comes to a standstill. In the same way, if one or two nations sell their goods for gold or for promises to pay, but are unwilling to receive goods from abroad in exchange, it is obvious that they will eventually hold a great stock of gold or accumulate a mass of paper promises. If they then insist on the paper promises being redeemed in gold they must face the responsibility for stopping trade between nations which use gold as a medium of exchange.

Abundance of Wealth

It has been suggested that the nations holding the gold should lend it to the other nations, so that they may go on buying as long as possible, but it is obvious that the other nations will not be content to remain buyers with borrowed money instead of selling their own goods in exchange.

There is a great abundance of real wealth in the world. The world is not poor except in currency, which is being held up for lack of confidence. Farm products are in ample supply, yet most people could use more fruit, milk, and meat if they were in full work, and we could use this unemployed labour on such needed things as houses.

Wages Locked Up

This is equally true of nations and of individuals; other nations have surplus goods to export and could use goods sent to them in exchange if exchange were only possible. It is essential for their industrial welfare that all nations should be able to dispose of their surplus goods, but what will they accept in exchange as there is so little gold to pay with?

How can the nations establish sufficient confidence to permit this needful exchange of goods? Can the League of Nations or the Conference of Bankers do anything to bring it about? The slowing down of trade is bringing nations as well as individuals to the point of bankruptcy. Goods could be used, but everyone is postponing buying. The policy of cutting down expenditure to the barest limits brings business to a standstill and throws people out of work in an ever-widening circle, and if 100 million pounds is locked up in State cellars some five million pounds is lost in interest every year, a sum which could be largely spent in wages.

THE KING'S LIONS AT THE ZOO

Pat and Doris Bring Up a Family

THE RED RIVER HOG WHO MUST NOT BE TEASED

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Once again the Lion House is the centre of attraction at the Zoo, for hidden away behind the scenes there is a new nursery containing two lion cubs born in the menagerie.

The parents of these delightful little newcomers are Pat and Doris, a pair of Abyssinian lions deposited at the Zoo by the King, and as the male has already proved that he can be an excellent father he is helping his mate to guard their offspring.

But at present no one may call and watch Pat and Doris carrying out their parental duties; the lion family is to be kept quiet until Doris decides to carry her babies into the exhibition den.

Thrown Out in the Cold

These lions have already reared two litters of cubs with great success; but though Doris was a model mother on both occasions her behaviour this time has been by no means blameless.

Originally her family numbered five, but Doris apparently decided that this was too many. She gave all her attention to two of the cubs, and throwing the other three into a far corner of the den repudiated all responsibility for them.

Two of the abandoned creatures died immediately from cold, but the keeper managed to rescue the third. The tiny cub was in a sorry plight, but by degrees the keeper managed to get some warmth into the small furry body and to persuade it to take milk from a feeding-bottle.

But it was too feeble to be reared by hand, and as Doris steadily refused to change her mind the poor baby lion died before a foster-mother could be found for it.

Captured When a Baby

Another addition to the Zoo's collection of young creatures is a red river hog.

He was not born in the Gardens but was captured when a helpless baby, reared by hand, and for a time kept as a pet before being sent to this country to be the first example of his kind seen in the Zoo since the war.

He is about one-third grown, but already he is well qualified to represent his kind in the menagerie. He has a remarkably fine head, and his reddish-gold bristles are thick and beautiful.

His temper is usually good, and he likes to be stroked, but if he is teased or annoyed he shows how dangerous an adversary a wild swine can be. At once his bristles stand up, and he charges forward to make use of the sharp tusks which have just begun to appear at the corners of his mouth.

A WEEKLY GOOD DEED

Have you ever thought how difficult it is for a newsagent to order just the right number of copies of any paper each week? C.N. readers can make his task much easier by placing a regular order with him.

In this way you will not only help him to order correctly and avoid waste, but will make sure of getting your copy regularly each week.

HOW?

How can the teeming millions of a go-ahead race like the Japanese be withheld by an all-white policy in Australia if the British and Australians cease to breed enough virile colonists to till and defend that vast country?

Sir Leonard Hill

EIGHT BRAVE MEN

The Gallant Fishermen Of Catania

KING'S SILVER MEDAL

There are eight fishermen of Catania in Sicily who deserve our grateful remembrance.

The King has just awarded them, on the recommendation of the Board of Trade, the silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea.

It was on a February night this year that the sailing ship Sant' Antonio of Malta was caught in a terrific gale and driven on to the sand banks near Catania.

There were eight men on board, and two boats. Both boats were lost, and in trying to save one of them a sailor was swept away and drowned.

Gradually the wreck began to sink, and by dawn the nearly exhausted seven were clinging to the rigging.

Then the fishermen saw them, and hurried to the rescue. A boat could not have been used, it seems, because of the weather, but the men on the wreck managed to fasten a line to a float, which drifted near the shore, when the fishermen swam out, got it, and made it taut. Then they swam right out to the wreck, and with the help of the line brought all seven survivors safely to land.

The names of the eight brave Sicilians are: Mario Cridafulli, Girolamo Gobbi, Alfio Calcagno, Carmelo Sottile, Vincenzo Aulino, Matteo Cosentino, Salvatore Di Benedetto, and Francesco Battaglia. We rejoice to print them.

MRS BOUNCER

Charles Dickens's Little Dog

At Higham near Gravesend they have found a little tombstone to the memory of Mrs Bouncer.

Who was she? Well, she was a character in Box and Cox, the famous comedy, but there was a second Mrs Bouncer, named after the first, and it is Mrs Bouncer the Second whose grave has been discovered.

She was one of Charles Dickens's friends. He once said that his heart would only hold a few people, but there was room in it for Mrs Bouncer. "I send my love and respect duly to her," he wrote when he was away.

Mrs Bouncer was a Pomeranian.

Dickens was not the only famous man to send his love to creatures like Mrs Bouncer. In a letter to little Maud Standen, the original Alice, Lewis Carroll said: "Love to any lovable animals you may happen to have in the house." But Dickens did not send love to any or every beast: it was of Mrs Bouncer alone that he wrote to his daughter: "In my mind's eye I behold Mrs Bouncer still with some traces of her old anxiety on her faithful countenance, balancing herself unequally on her bowed forelegs, twitching up her ears with her head on one side and slightly distending her intellectual nostrils."

It was Mr Edwin Harris of Rochester who discovered the identity of Mrs Bouncer. We wonder if she served as a model for Dora's pet, the noisy, snappy, but faithful lapdog in David Copperfield.

Today Pomeranians are out of fashion, and Sealyhams are in: but there must be something very likeable about the breed that so pleased Charles Dickens, and perhaps Pomeranians will come back into favour with Victorian crinolines!

THE IDLE OF 23 CITIES

There is little improvement in the unemployment position in the United States, where it is credibly estimated that the number out of work is six millions at least, and may be eight.

We get light upon the serious decline in American employment when we read that the State of New York, which has 23 cities, has in hand only one-third as many building projects as it had in 1929.

LITTLE SCHOLARS OF THE WILDS

Smallest and Loneliest School

LEARNING UNDER GREAT DIFFICULTY

In the wild fells of Northumberland, hidden among beautiful rugged scenery, is what must be the smallest and the loneliest school in the British Isles.

Once a shepherd's hut, it has now been turned into a cosy, inviting little school-room; the walls are hung with pictures, there is a school library, and the room is painted in a charming style.

This Lilliputian school, known as Emblethorpe Council School, Tarsset, is ruled over by Miss Amy Allcroft of Falstone, and her pupils are Jean (13) and Agnes (11), who are sisters; and Betty (10) and her brother Henry, who is seven.

Children of Shepherds

The scholars are the children of shepherds and they walk more than three miles every morning to school.

Miss Allcroft rides on her pony Patsy ten miles each day to and from this little tin-roofed shack. When the mountain burns are in spate it is often difficult to reach the school. Three times last year it was impossible to ford the burns; once when Miss Allcroft tried to get to school she was stopped by a burly farmer who barred the way and would not allow her to risk her life.

The second time she made the attempt Patsy plunged until his nose was just above water. They had to turn back, however, and Miss Allcroft owned that she thought her end had come.

Surprising the Inspectors

"It has to be a real storm to keep us away," Miss Allcroft declares. "Throughout the year we maintain an attendance of more than 90 per cent."

The children keep a complete change of clothing at the school, for they sometimes arrive drenched. Naturally they take their lunch with them, and in winter time school finishes at three, so that they can climb the mountains to their homes before dark.

Henry, the lad of the school, is not shy. What the big girls do he does; he even joins them in their knitting.

Government inspectors who survive this dreary and weary walk to the tin-roofed shack are surprised at the intelligence shown by the children and especially at their knowledge of natural history.

Picture on page 3

GOOD OUT OF EVIL

An Innocent Man's Suffering COLONIAL APPEAL COURT

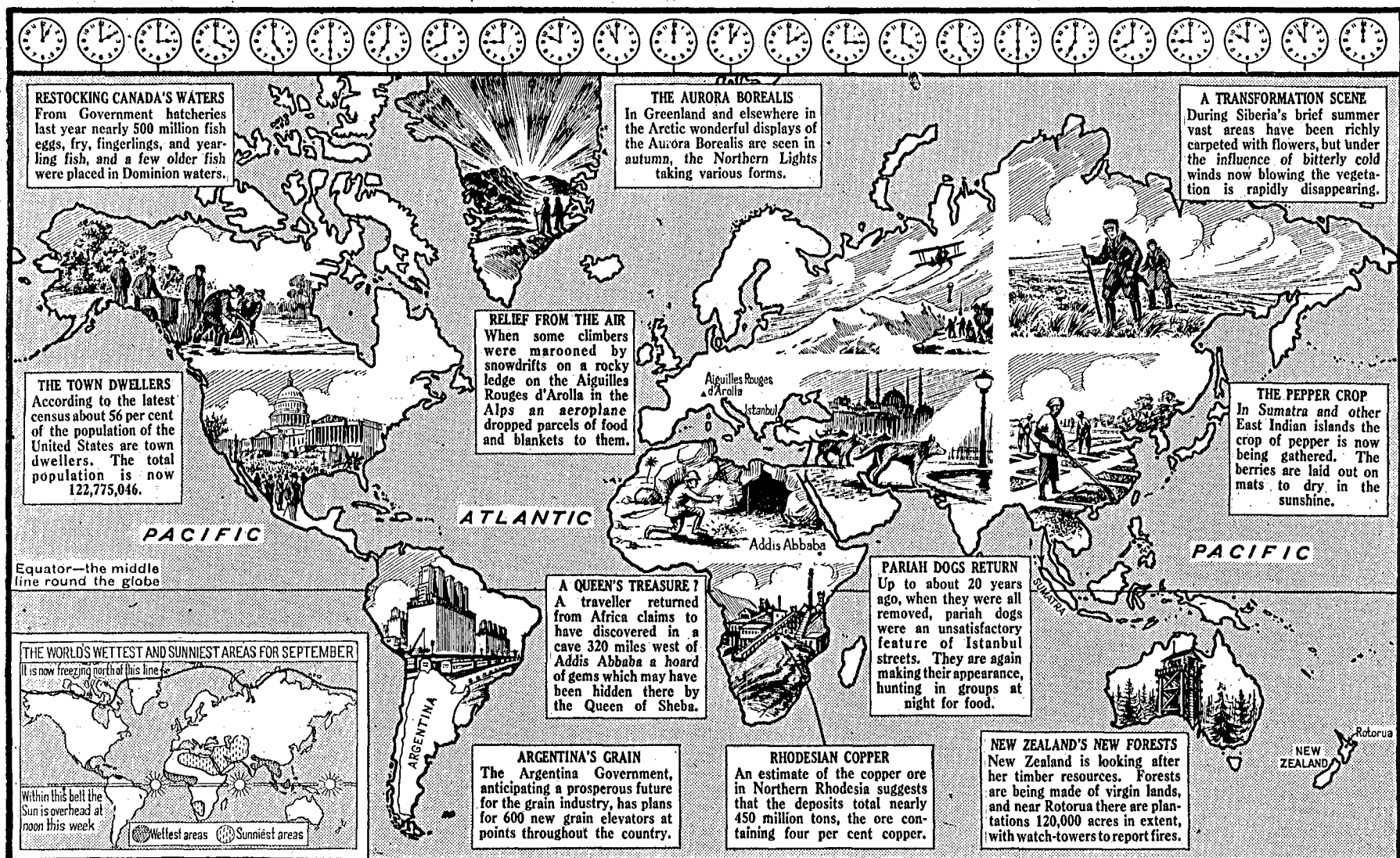
Ten years after he was charged with fraud and sentenced to prison for three years Mr Barrett, an Englishman who built up a business in the Gold Coast, has been awarded £10,000 as compensation for wrongful imprisonment.

No money can compensate for the sufferings borne by an innocent man and his family in such a case. No money can give back the years spent in the English gaol to which he was sent from the Gold Coast, or blot from his memory those days of poverty and hardship when he was refused work again and again because he had been in prison.

One good thing, however, has resulted from this sad case. We have set up a Colonial Court of Criminal Appeal where trials can be reviewed free from local prejudices and that disregard for equity which sometimes occurs in countries out of touch with a great centre of civilisation.

Lovers of justice owe a debt of gratitude to a London solicitor, Mr A. L. Bryden, who fought this case through all the red tape in the Colonial system of administrative justice and succeeded in securing a free pardon for Mr Barrett.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



P.C. BURTON AND THE 4000

What Cool Courage Will Do

The C.N. has often described the resourceful work of the police in north-west Canada. Here is a story from South Africa's wild areas, where a constable must often act with the authority of some tribal chieftain.

Constable Burton, of Natal, suddenly found himself on a river bank with an excited body of natives behind him and across the stream another wild group of natives about to cross to do desperate battle with this rival tribe.

There were 4000 shrieking natives in all, and P.C. Burton, with only one native constable, stood between the opposing forces. The white man dismounted and drew his revolver.

"I'll shoot the first man to cross the river," he shouted.

The natives advanced and he fired over their heads. The shot made them halt, and Constable Burton, coolly lighting a cigarette, summoned the hostile leaders to a conference. He gave them such a talking to that, amazed at his courage and impressed by his tact and wisdom, the rival tribes turned back in silence and dispersed peacefully.

THE APPLE BLOSSOM IS HERE

We feel sure there must be a warm spell of weather coming, for on the day we started fires in the C.N. office we heard that a London reader had an apple tree in his garden coming into bloom.

This is surely a sign that our long winter will soon be over and we hope to have a few days of spring before the new winter sets in.

One of the matters before the League Assembly now sitting at Geneva is the construction of an aerodrome for the use of the League of Nations.

THE SHIFTING SPIRE A Mystery of Marseilles

Near the Town Hall by the old harbour of Marseilles rises a beautiful spire, all that remains today of the former church of the Accoules.

The architect of Marseilles has often looked up at this graceful building of ancient times, and during the last few years he has noticed that the spire has slightly shifted its position compared with the lighthouses of Faraman and Cap Couronne.

The only explanation of this is a slight slipping of the strata on which the spire stands, an alarming discovery, as the most densely-populated part of Marseilles lies round this spot. Investigations are to be made at once.

Next to Paris, Marseilles is the largest and most important town in France. It is also one of the most ancient, having been founded by Greek colonists from Asia Minor 600 years before the birth of Christ.

THE LITTLE SILK HANDKERCHIEF

That absurdly small mauve silk handkerchief was such a pretty colour that its owner rushed to catch it when it was suddenly whisked away by the wind out of reach of the party on the Downs.

They all watched it fluttering against the blue of the sky and sea until it disappeared over Beachy Head. It landed a little way down the cliffside, tantalisingly out of reach of the longest available walking-stick.

The next day one of the party idly looked over the cliff to see if the mauve handkerchief was still there. At first it seemed to have vanished, but no, there it was, after all.

The sharp eyes of a gull had spied it, and the bird had tucked it into its nest all ready to make life warm and comfortable for the bunch of queer bodies which would so soon be appearing from her eggs.

MIND YOUR AITCHES Why a Countryman Went Home

A girl from the country was in service in a house in Harrow Weald, and one day her sweetheart from the same village took a day's holiday to see her.

He found London a terribly bewildering place, and it happened that he got out at the wrong station on the Underground Railway. He asked a man passing how to get to a certain road and the man said—"You wait here for a Harrow Weald bus."

Unfortunately he did not sound his aitches and the country lad, not knowing any better, waited on the kerb for a narrow-wheeled bus that never came. At length, bewildered by the procession of buses with thick wheels, he bolted back to the station and went home.

A CRY FOR HELP

The other day the C.N. told of a rescue from drowning by an elderly man. Now we hear of another.

The hero this time is Mr Charles Daniel Thomson, 70, of Sussex Road, Southsea, and he was sheltering from bad weather near Clarence Pier when he heard a cry for help.

Mr Thomson did not stop to take off his heavy boots or his coat. He plunged into the sea, and managed to bring safely to shore a lad of 12.

SHIP MAKERS

Over a hundred people sent in models to the ship-making contest at Liverpool's Shipping Week. No model had to cost more than three shillings. All the prizes were won by young people. Odd pieces of wood, wire, cotton, drawing-pins, and matchsticks went to the making of every type of ship, from the Viking to the modern. Even the breast-bones of geese made the hull of some sailing ships; and one was constructed inside an electric light bulb, the whole costing only sixpence.

THE PILLIONAIRE Another Word For the Oxford Dictionary

The other day a policeman at Stratford dropped a word which was nothing short of a gem. He was speaking of a motor-cyclist who was objecting to being summoned for something, and the policeman remarked: "The defendant was not alone. He had on his bicycle a pillionaire."

"A what?" asked the magistrate.
"A pillionaire, a lady riding on the pillion," said the policeman.

So there we are, and another word, a very charming one, is added to the language. Until the policeman said that, we had to be content to say "a young lady riding pillion." If the best literary effort is that which describes something in the fewest words, the new name has the stamp of good style.

It is more than that. It is keeping in use an old English word, pillion, which was in danger of being replaced by the word bracket where motor-cycles are concerned. It rouses the pleasant image of a farmer and his wife riding pillion to market. And by the addition of those few letters it has become a charming and dainty sound, as well as expressing a phrase in one word.

As someone said, it is a word with more than an air; it has an *aire*.

ON THE ROOF

If we were to hear anybody saying "Come up on the roof and play croquet" it would sound like the March Hare talking nonsense to Alice in Wonderland.

It conjures up visions of dear Grannie in triline and bonnet floating round the chimney-pots, mallet in hand, while enchanted balls bound along roof ridges or rattle down the tiles, to skip from the gutter on to the tall hat of some passer-by.

But they really do play croquet on a roof in Baker Street today, in a garden of over an acre, over a block of flats.

What does Grannie think of that?

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 26 1931

Waste Not, Want Not

THE meaning of Economy is little understood. There is political economy and there is domestic economy. The one means the theory of the production and distribution of wealth. The other means household management, which is the essential meaning of the Greek original from which the English word economy is derived.

What we have to do in this crisis in our history is to manage our household affairs better than we have been managing them of late years.

When one is managing a house, a business, or a country, it may or may not be good management not to spend. It is certainly not good for the household manager to save money by starving his children or by not repairing his house. So with a business; if it is starved of capital it will never succeed. So with a country; if a nation does not educate its people or develop its resources it cannot succeed.

The truth about saving in relation to true economy is this. *Not a penny should be spent on waste.* Every possible penny should be spent on good and productive things, including, of course, the saving of pennies to provide new capital. The wise economist, either in private or public life, is the man who knows how to balance wise expenditure and wise saving.

Some people, forgetting these simple truths, talk as if you could make a nation prosperous by cutting down all expenditure. We can easily see how absurd that is by reflecting that if everybody stopped spending trade would cease and every worker in the country would be unemployed as a preliminary to starvation.

It is necessary to say these things because there is wild talk of cutting down such fruitful things as house-building. If we stop housing we not only inflict injury on our people as a whole, but throw out of work the men who should be employed in building the houses.

What we need is a close and careful survey of expenditure with the aim of turning it from waste to good works. Every wasteful item should be cut out.

We are delighted to see that these considerations are well known to the new Government and that they have warned local authorities not to throw men out of work by unwise cutting down of essential works.

Some day, let us hope, everybody will understand the un-wisdom of expenditure on waste, for waste is one of the chief enemies of mankind.

Our splendid powers need better direction and always with reference to the true meaning of the word Economy: *household management.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Game That Never Ends

ONLY a few months separate us from the Disarmament Conference, upon which so many hopes are centred.

How necessary its work is we see from the figures compiled by the League of Nations from facts published by sixty Governments who last year spent on armaments no less than £820,000,000, an increase of about 20 millions over the previous year.

These are facts which make us heartily agree with the American humorist who has just said that debts make wars and wars make debts, "and there you are." When we are not paying for the cost of old wars we are paying the cost of preparing for new ones. It is a game that never ends.

A Little Parable

A MAN had a plain bow with which he could shoot far and true.

He loved his bow so well that he must needs have it curiously carved by a cunning workman.

It was done, and at the first trial the bow snapped.

The Toc H Man

EAVESDROPPERS are frequently not encouraged by what they hear, but a visitor who dropped in for a few moments to rest from the violent wind which blew up the Thames the other day was cheered by a conversation she chanced to overhear in All Hallows Church.

"I'm a member of Toc H," said a middle-aged, modest little man to a younger one in grey flannels. "And just now I've time on my hands. Do you think there is anything I could do to help?"

"I'm sure there is," the other replied. "So many are away for their holidays just now; only yesterday I heard someone say—" And they went out of earshot toward the crypt, both looking pleased.

We like to think that this modest little man is typical of thousands who have "time on their hands" just now, looking about to see if there is anything they could do to help.

The Poets

We commend this story to some of those rhymers and non-rhymers who persuade the publishers that they are poets.

A BOASTFUL youth, who thought he could write poetry, was one day bragging before a gathering of intelligent people, and explaining how much more quickly he could produce verses than a certain poet whose work was eagerly sought by all true lovers of literature.

"Why, I wrote a hundred verses in three days," said the youth, "and he only wrote three verses in a hundred days."

"Ah," said a listener, "but yours will expire in three days and his will live for a hundred years."

Getting On

THE world *does* move.

We have seen two London General buses with the numbers at the back, one of them magnificently readable.

The World's Dresses

The earth is clothed in loveliness; The night is swathed in dreams. We see the blue cloak of the hills, The white sleeves of the streams,

The garden's fine embroidery, And everywhere we pass We find no lovelier garment than The green gown of the grass.

Marjorie Wilson

Tip-Cat

A MAN smashed a clock because its ticking got on his nerves. Must have been wound up.

A POLITICIAN declares that a man finds work if he is worth his salt. But he feels the pinch.

THE seaside photographer is a pest, some-one says. Yet he has taking ways.

THE average man has 12,000 million brain cells. The rate of unemployment among them must be terrific.

SPEAKING is a lost art in this country. Yet everyone wants to have his say.

RHEUMATISM is common in London. One of the City's joint affairs.

Now is the time, we are told, to buy a cheap yacht. Yachtsmen must be in low water.

POPULAR songs do not last long.

If they did they would not be popular.

A WRITER is tired of jokes about our English summer. Most of them leave us cold.

AEROPLANES can be bought by instalments. Purchasers have to settle up.

SCOTLAND is preserving Bannockburn for ever. Our English correspondent assures us that he thinks it hardly worth remembering.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

SPAIN is to close 330 of her prisons.

A MANCHESTER lady has left £5000 for keeping up a Wild Life Sanctuary.

A STROUD citizen has left £1000 to increase the income of four poor churches.

JUST AN IDEA

You are waiting to do some great thing; you are waiting to pull down some great evil. Do the small things that are unseen, and they will bring other and greater things for you to do. Do the small things, the first one that comes to you, and a second will immediately come.

Granny on the Revolution

By Our Country Girl

JOAN had been up in an aeroplane for the first time, was rather excited, and boasted to Granny: "We have experiences you never had, Granny!"

It was a rash remark. Granny replied at once, "And *we* had experiences *you* never have. For instance, we knew what it felt like to be punctual."

Joan forgave her, and asked if *everyone* was punctual in those days?

Well, there was one man who could never be unpunctual, no matter what time he arrived, Granny explained, and he was the country squire. On Sunday the bell was rung till he arrived, and directly he was settled in his pew the service began. Of course most squires timed their walk across the park to the very minute, but Granny remembers sitting in church while the bell was rung for a whole hour after service time.

We can imagine what the mothers were feeling all that time, for most of them had left meat in the oven. The poor children read over and over again the inscriptions on the memorials, and their fathers looked sleepy. At last the squire came in, and apologised for having made a mistake of an hour in the time.

Do you realise what has happened since I was a little girl? says Granny. *There has been a revolution, and nobody was killed.*

Smith and Jones Take a Walk

SMITH and Jones were depressed. Business was very bad, and looked as if it might be worse.

They wandered out in the fields round their Surrey cottages, Smith silent and sad, Jones volubly talking of the terrible condition of things in the City. Both men's faces were pale and grave. Where was the country going? Was the younger generation hopeless?

Suddenly they rounded a corner of the lane where cow's parsley grew as high as their waists, and beheld, in the green evening, a habitation of white tents. "Fall in!" came a call in a man's voice, and a whole line of little boys of different sizes, some already in pyjamas, some in flannel shorts; tried to make itself straight.

Our Father, Who art in Heaven came the voice of the leader, and every head was bowed for evening prayer.

And lead us not into temptation . . .

Smith and Jones stood listening. It was some Sundays since they had been to church. The Church, they both felt, did not help them in their trouble as it might do. But here were the old magnificent words, to which they both silently added a special petition:

And lead me not into the temptation of giving up hope and courage.

Smith and Jones are very different temperamentally, but it was that thought that flashed into each man's mind as they listened to the evening service of the Boy Brigaders.

September 26, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

7

IF THE POUND HAD
TUMBLLED DOWNWHAT HAPPENED WHEN
THE MARK FELLTwo Cows as the Price of a
Pint of Milk

THE CRITICAL DAY IN AUGUST

In his speech at the opening of this session the Prime Minister uttered these momentous words in describing what happened on one day in August:

The pound would have tumbled; one day worth 20s and the next day 10s, and it would have tumbled without control. I am not scaring. I am giving you some history.

What nearly happened here, and would have happened if the National Government had not saved the situation, is what happened in Germany when the mark tumbled eight years ago.

Only Equalled by the War

The fall of the mark at that time was a German disaster only equalled by the war itself. Rich people lost all they had saved and tradesmen, artisans, and workpeople suffered great privations in food and other necessities of life, and lost their small savings as well. The only thing which saved Germany was the fact that she can grow most of her food and does not depend on the harvests of other countries as England does.

Let us recall what actually happened in Germany at the time of the fall of the mark, the Flight from the Mark as it is called in history.

Before the war the German mark was worth about a shilling. Six months after the war it could be bought for five of our pennies, and with the prevailing high prices a mark bought twopennyworth of food or other goods.

Coins Made of China

In February 1920 its value was less than a penny. Change in shops became impossible as the metal coins were more valuable as metal than as currency and were consequently melted down. So pins, tram-tickets, and soap-tablets were used by the shopkeepers as change, and the Government endeavoured to meet the problem by issuing coins made of china. On the trams, too, change could not be given, and people had either to walk or give a note of higher value than the correct fare.

The state of the country became so bad that the population began to decrease. A million fewer babies were born in a year in 500 of the larger towns.

During the autumn of 1922 an Englishman sent a gift of £5 to a German lady and her letter of grateful thanks contains some passages which may well be remembered now. In reading them we must not forget that the mark was but a few years before worth a shilling.

£5 Worth of Marks

I got about 125,000 marks for the £5. It was very fortunate for me, as I had to pay a bill of 10,000 marks for wood and 11,000 marks for coal.

A pair of shoes now costs 8000 marks and a coat costs 30,000. Butter is 1000 marks a pound and two pounds of black bread costs 250 marks. I can now give auntie a pound of tea costing 1200 marks. Usually we drink for tea an infusion of lime blossoms and briar leaves.

There are now no fixed prices in shops, and all differ in prices for exactly similar goods. You would like to buy a thing, but the price seems too high, so you wait a week and then, finding you cannot do without it, you go back but find the price has doubled. That is what enervates us, and we get old in no time.

At this time a Breslau paper was selling at a pound of bread a copy, and was valuing its advertisement rates in hundredweights of rye!

The Government was issuing notes to the value of 4500 million marks each

HOW CHEAP BEAUTY IS

LONDON by day has always been one of the cheapest sights for visitors from all over the world; you take a ticket for a bus and sit on the front seat at the top.

Now London by night has proved to be one of the cheapest spectacles that can delight the eye.

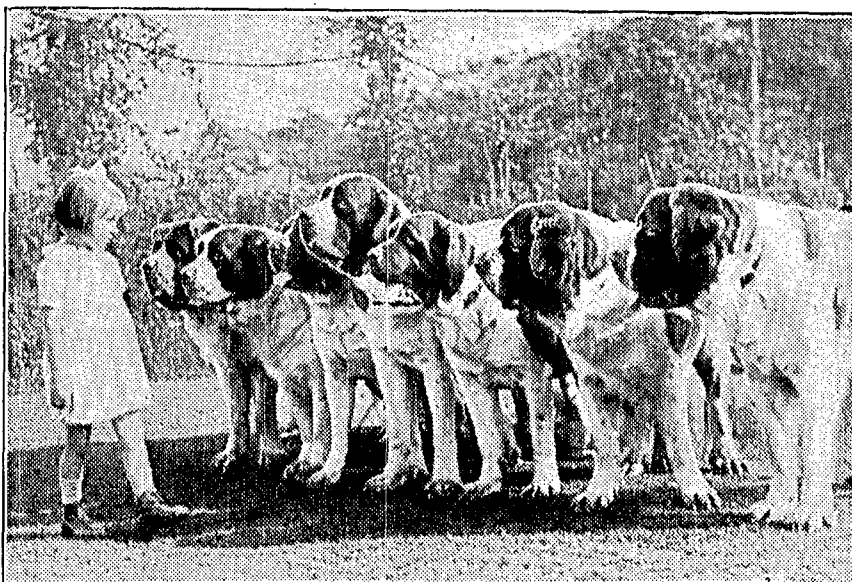
Not only has it been a cheap means of enjoyment to the myriads who have night by night flocked to the streets from near suburbs and distant towns, but the actual cost of the illumination of the buildings has proved to be amazingly

small for the wonderful and unforgettable effects it has produced.

The cost of lighting that little gem of architecture the Accountants Hall on the Thames Embankment did not exceed a shilling an hour, while so large a building as Buckingham Palace was illuminated for about £3 for the whole evening.

The flood-lighting of the façade of a great store costs under two shillings an hour, and the advertising value alone will justify a wide extension of this practice. How cheap Beauty is!

ST BERNARDS IN SURREY



On parade



A little girl, a little horse, and six big dogs

The Alpine pass from which they take their name is the real home of the St. Bernard dogs; but these descendants of the canine heroes who formerly succoured travellers lost in the snow have been brought up in the English countryside in Surrey.

Continued from the previous column

day and 33 printing firms worked night and day in turning them out.

In the summer of 1923 the position had become even more absurd. A million and a half paper marks could be bought for £1. As fast as the notes were issued, so prices rose, and trucks and lorries were used in making payments. A 4-pound loaf now cost 4000 marks, a pint of milk as much as two cows cost in 1914, and a pair of boots as much as a pre-war house.

One of the most disastrous effects of this experience was that it was foolish to save money even if one could, for savings lessened in value from day to day and it was best to get goods for any wages as quickly as possible.

Another striking illustration of the rapid fall of the mark was shown by the value of the stamps placed on letters reaching England from Germany. A letter posted on August 28, 1923, bore

stamps valued at 60,000 marks. A similar letter of November 1 had stamps of 350,000,000 marks! Three weeks later the normal 3d stamp was 120,000,000,000 marks or three-fourths of the sum asked of Germany in the Versailles Treaty!

Foreign business was, of course, impossible. No other nation could trade freely with a nation whose currency was tumbling down in this way.

Only the fertility of her soil and the industry of her people kept the nation alive.

England, dependent for most of her food on foreign countries, would have starved at the very beginning of such a crisis, and there is little doubt now that such a situation was very near our doors not many weeks ago.

Only one thing can save us. We must use our breathing time to establish our credit on a firm foundation, to make the world believe in us still, and to prevent all the waste we can.

THE GREAT BALANCING

HOW IT WILL BE DONE

The New Economies and the
New Taxes

HOW ALL WILL HELP

The second Budget Day this year has come and gone, and we are now one and all denying ourselves many things in view of the extra taxes and cuts considered by Parliament essential to place our country's finances on a sound basis.

Instead of the 120 million pounds deficit for next year's Budget the amount will be 170 millions, and so seriously has revenue fallen and expenditure mounted this year that the estimated deficit for this year will be about £74,700,000.

This is how Mr Snowden proposes to re-establish our finances.

How Millions Will Be Saved

The economies in expenditure will save 22 millions this year and over 70 millions next year. The salaries of Ministers, judges, and Members of Parliament have been cut down from 10 to 20 per cent.

All the men in the Services are to receive the rates of pay established in 1925, and next year the pay and pensions of officers are to be revised. £5,000,000 will be saved on Defence Services.

The salaries of teachers in State schools are to be reduced by 15 per cent, bringing them more into line with civil servants whose incomes have been heavily reduced in recent years according to the cost of living. Lower grants to local authorities will bring the saving on education up to ten millions in 1932.

The Unemployment Problem

One and a quarter million pounds are to be saved from the fees paid to doctors for panel patients, and the police are to be paid half a million pounds less a year.

The saving on the Road Fund will amount to nearly eight millions; while another million will be saved from expenditure on forestry, empire marketing, and colonial development.

The tremendous problem of unemployment has been solved for the present by increasing the contributions and by a 10 per cent reduction in benefits. A strict investigation as to need is to be made in the case of applicants whose insurance benefit exceeds 26 weeks in one year. A saving of £35,800,000 in a full year is anticipated from these reforms.

But new taxation and reduction of the Sinking Fund are necessary. Sums of £13,700,000 this year and £20,000,000 next year are to be taken from the Sinking Fund. New direct taxes have been imposed with estimated yields of 29 million pounds this year and over 57 next year. New indirect taxation will yield £11,500,000 this year and £24,000,000 next year.

The Income Tax

The income tax has been raised by 6d, making it 5s, with adjustments in allowances which will add three million people to the number who contribute to the State in this way, a very proper reform.

In comparison the additional indirect taxes of a penny a pint on beer, 8d on tobacco, 2d a gallon on petrol, and a penny in every sixpence in entertainment taxes seem slight, but everyone, even children, will contribute to the nation's need in this way.

Mr Snowden hopes soon to convert England's biggest debt into one on which less interest will be due, and thus make a great saving in our annual expenditure.

A remarkable scene occurred when Mr Snowden ended his Budget speech, Conservatives and Liberals leaping to their feet and cheering enthusiastically, thrilled by these lines from Swinburne, which the Chancellor quoted as he sat down:

*All our past proclaims our future;
Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust in
this our chosen and chainless land,
Bear us witness; Come the world against
her, England yet shall stand.*

OWEN GLENDOWER

A HERO 21 TIMES IN SHAKESPEARE

Wales Remembers Him With a Memorial Hall

VALIANT AS A LION

In a well-wooded glen where two rivers meet near Llangollen a memorial hall to Owen Glendower has just been opened.

Here at Glyndyfrdwy, Glen of Two Streams, the famous Welshman held his Court 500 years ago, and here the Welshmen of today are to have a headquarters for all their pleasant hobbies, ranging from pure fun to learning.

We have Shakespeare's word for it that the chieftain was

valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India.

He was born in Merionethshire about 1359, but became an esquire at the English Court, and was loyal to Richard the Second in the days of that monarch's misfortunes.

A False Accusation

Glendower retired to his lands in Wales when Henry the Fourth was crowned. By and by that king summoned all loyal knights to attend him in war, and Lord Grey of Ruthyn, Glendower's enemy, did not give Glendower the summons. Then he accused Glendower of refusing to obey the summons and of being a traitor, and seized Glendower's land.

Glendower took up arms to defend himself, and many Welshmen flocked to his banner. He was declared an outlaw, whereupon the quarrel flared up into a rebellion. The English king made expeditions to crush it, but the Welshman could boast

Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of
Wye

And sandy bottomed Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Because the cunning campaigner knew how to make use of weather as well as countryside his followers believed that he could influence the weather. He was the great grandson of the last Welsh sovereign, and they believed he was sent to fulfil Merlin's prophecy and drive out the English tyrants. Glendower grew to believe it too. Shakespeare makes him tell Hotspur of his magical gifts:

At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward
I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

HOTSPUR: Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?

Mystery of His Last Days

Glendower was crowned Prince of Wales in 1403, but at last the tide of battle turned, and then the English steadily gained ground. Finally Glendower disappeared; some say that he died of privation, hiding in the mountains, but most people believe that he lived secretly and in peace with a daughter who had married a rich Herefordshire squire. It is thought that he was buried in Monington in 1416.

Wales does well to remember the courageous chieftain in the place he loved. Shakespeare mentions him 21 times, and his own people do not forget.

THE FLAG WHICH WOULD NOT BURN

The blue ensign of the lost airship R101, mounted in oak, has been unveiled as a memorial in the church at Cardington, close by the mooring mast.

There is also a tablet bearing the names of the 48 men who lost their lives when she came down at Beauvais.

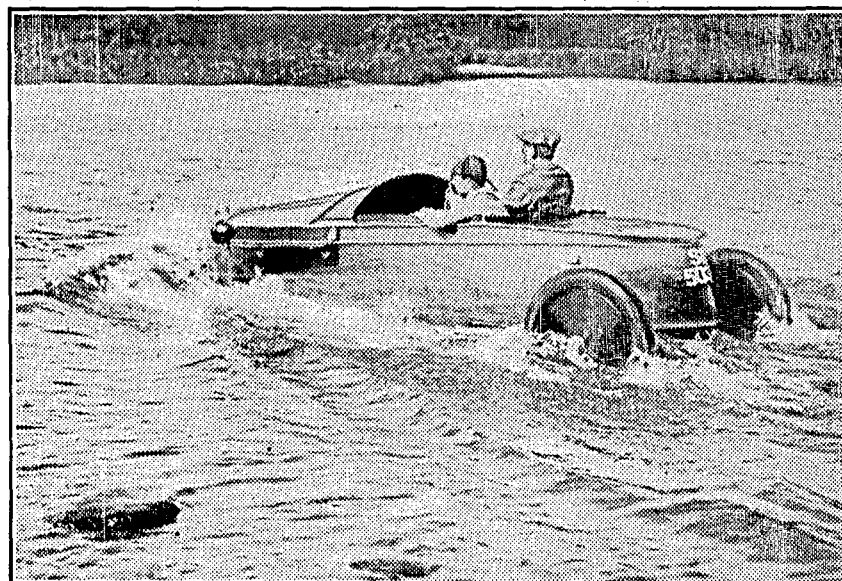
ON THE WATER



The giant Dornier Do-X calls at New York



A sailing barge running before the breeze within sight of London buses at Chelsea



An amphibian car taking to the water in Scotland

In these pictures a flying-boat and an amphibian car, two of the most modern forms of transport, are contrasted with one of the oldest. On London's river, as elsewhere, the wooden barge still holds its own, to the joy of lovers of the picturesque.

TWO MEN WHO HAVE NOT GROWN UP

Bumpety Bumpety in a Plane

A SCHNEIDER PILOT AND HIS WAY

From Cleveland, in America, comes news of an exciting incident which took place in that city and port of Ohio during the National air races.

A group of well-known airmen were talking together when the crowd saw one of them, Casey Jones, approached by a precise-looking man in tail coat and silk hat, carrying an umbrella.

The stranger said that he was a professor from Oxford, and had worked out a theory of flight which he wished to test in public with official witnesses. He invited Casey Jones to be his passenger in a trial flight, but warned him that he had never flown before.

Casey Jones argued with him; then the crowd saw that something was wrong. Casey Jones had been taken suddenly ill, and was fainting.

Horried People

In the confusion which followed the professor clambered into a biplane, and suddenly the crowd saw that he was off.

Bump, bump, bump went the plane, like a rubber ball along the ground. Now one wing was grazed, now the other. At every moment the horrified people thought he would overturn. Slowly he staggered up into the air, lurched this way and that, and then began to descend. "He must crash," they thought, but he managed to land safely, though with a terrible jolt.

Then the truth spread like wildfire. The professor was Flying Officer Atcherley, the British Schneider Trophy pilot, who thought a little clowning would enliven the races and amuse the crowd. He had really given an extraordinary display of skill, and shown how completely he was master of his machine. Casey Jones was in the joke.

We can almost hear the womenfolk of Messrs Jones and Atcherley saying to their respective: "Don't you think it is time you grew up?"

NOTE FOR BRITISH PESSIMISTS

The Best Credit in the World

The British newspapers, almost without exception, have been crying out loud about British credit, and driving people into fear with regard to our position, principally because we have been borrowing at the rate of 40 million pounds a year to maintain our great army of workless.

We believe in balancing the Budget, but we do not believe in the representation that our finance is inferior to that of foreign nations.

The United States in their last financial year had a balance on the wrong side of no less than £181,000,000! The American Government has decided to borrow to meet the whole of this gigantic sum, and is issuing a public loan of 1100 million dollars for the purpose. As for the American unemployed, enormous sums have to be raised to support them because America has not an insurance system. Consequently the State of New York alone is proposing to put 50 per cent on its income tax and to borrow for public works.

Let those who decry British finance and British institutions take note of these remarkable facts, and have more confidence in their own country.

British credit is the best in the world.

September 26, 1931.

The Children's Newspaper

9

SMALLER SHIPS AGAIN

The Big Companies Begin to Wonder

The big shipping companies are beginning to wonder whether it is not time to stop building larger ships.

The famous French transatlantic company has decided that it is the vessel of about 30,000 tons which will survive. It is very difficult for ships of sixty and seventy thousand tons to pay their way.

A new liner of 28,627 tons was launched at Saint Nazaire the other day, and this ship is thought by the French ship-builders to be typical of the new generation of passenger vessels.

The enormous Cunarder now being built on the Clyde is calling for special efforts in various parts of the country. The rudder, weighing 150 tons, will be the largest ever made, and is to come from Darlington. The two huge propellers, also the biggest ever made, are being cast in London.

WASHING THE TRAIN A New Machine for the Railways

New and improved machines for washing railway trains have made the cleaning of dirty carriages a science.

It used to take eleven men an hour to wash a railway carriage. With the huge washing machines now being installed ten men can clean twenty-five coaches in the same time.

Both England and America have found there is only one thing that really gets rid of the dirt and grime collected by a train on the surface of the carriages, and that is oxalic acid.

The carriages are first run into a narrow building, a little wider than they are themselves, the two sides of which are fitted with horizontal brushes. These brushes are worked up and down against the coachwork by electric motors, and oxalic acid and water is fed over them all the time, keeping them thoroughly wet with the cleansing solution. The scrubbing brushes having done their duty, the carriage is run about forty feet into another building, where water is sprayed over it from a number of nozzles projecting from the walls. The washed cars are run off on to a siding to dry.

The L.N.E.R. and Underground railways are using the scrubbing machine, and have found it a great saving of time; it will soon come into general use.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN EXILE

A C.N. reader far from home, who still loves the Motherland she has not seen for nearly 50 years, sends us this note.

You are doing good service to England in drawing attention to acts that deprive her of her beautiful things.

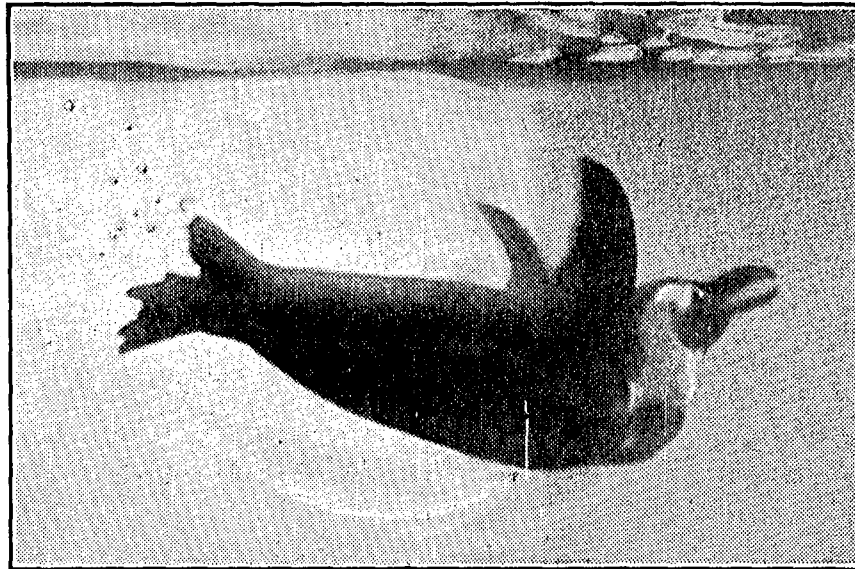
It is distressing to read of old English houses and buildings, rare and ancient, migrating to America. How lost and forlorn they must look in their exile! Every stone and beam has had its centuries of memories when there was no such place as America on the map.

How curious is the desire of the American mind to possess something that does not naturally belong to it, and to place it in surroundings that will take away its loveliness! They cannot buy the setting, and our old buildings, our houses, cottages, and tithe-barns, cannot accommodate themselves to modern, alien surroundings.

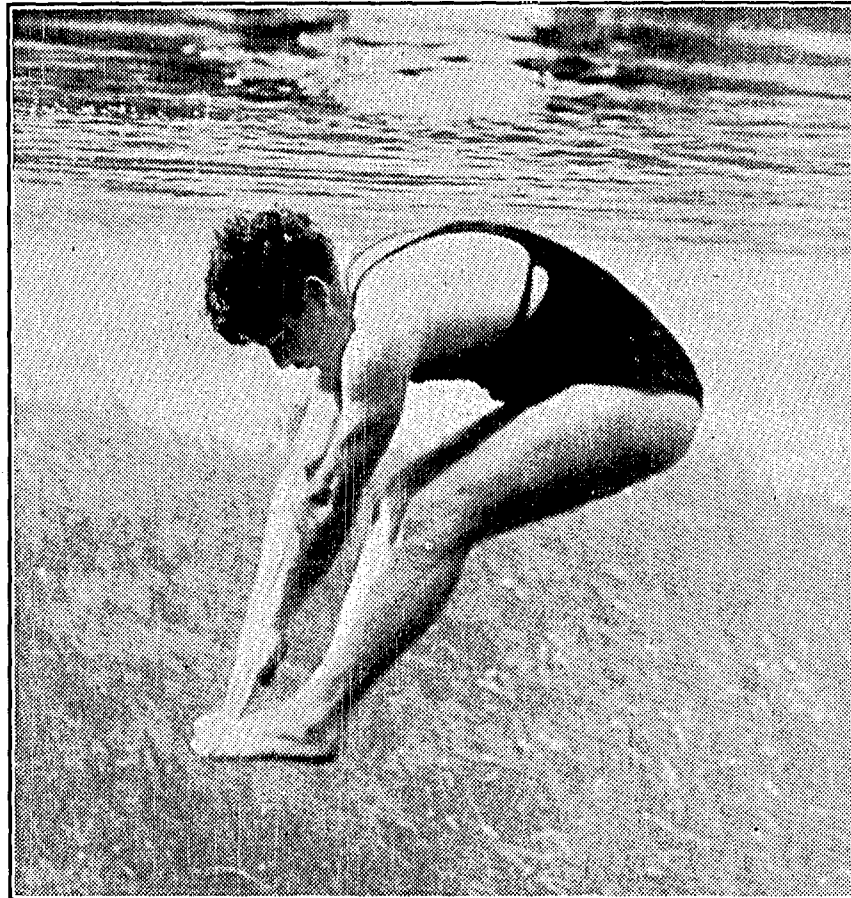
It is a pity that those who sell these heirlooms have not the courage to face hard times and economise more rather than part with "parts of England itself."

The fact that people wish to transport beautiful things into incompatible surroundings shows that they do not really appreciate them; they only wish to call them theirs.

UNDER THE WATER



A penguin of the Antarctic



A man diving in tropical waters



A Polar bear of the Arctic

Water is the element of the fishes, but sometimes they have visitors, as these pictures suggest. Penguins and Polar bears are great divers in their native seas, but here they are photographed in tanks at the London Zoo.

RINGING THE BELL FOR THE CAT

One Lesson Enough WHO SAID MICE?

Why did not Professor Pavlov and Sir Arthur Thomson choose cats when they were making their solemn experiments on the intelligence of animals?

C.N. readers will remember the story of the mice and the dinner-bell—how it took Russian mice 300 lessons and the superior Scots mice only 40 lessons before it dawned on them what the ringing of a dinner-bell meant.

Forty lessons indeed! It is enough to make a Cheshire cat grin from ear to ear at the very thought of such stupidity.

Why, a cat can learn an easy thing like that in one lesson! A correspondent writes to tell us that some time ago she showed an old cat only once that if she rang a bell it meant a good dinner was ready for him. Ever since then this intelligent cat has come bounding up walls and over roofs to her first-floor flat at the first sound of the dinner-bell.

Quite lately the same reader tried the same experiment on a stray cat, showing him that if she rattled the handle of the garden gate once some dinner would be ready for him. Again only one lesson was enough.

Miaw! Miaw! Mice have their use in this world; but in brains the cats can catch them out every time.

HAPPY HOPETOWN No Drink There

The other day a man appeared before the Willesden magistrate and was so ashamed of his fault that the magistrate let him off. Whereupon the man went home and sent the court an explanation of his fall, beginning thus:

Oh drink! Thou king of artificial cheer,
Transplanting men to land of make-belief,
And with thy satellites of whisky, wine, or beer
Turns happiness to everlasting grief.

It may not be good poetry, but it is good sense.

We were listening the other day to a traveller who said his favourite place was Hopetown in the Bahamas. It is a little isle fringed with palms, lying in seas that twinkle like jasper and turquoises and amethysts, and the fisher-folk who live on it have picturesque houses of painted wood. Every prospect pleases and not a man is vile.

Why is there no crime on Hopetown? The people refuse to have a public-house on the island, and anyone who wants to taste the "king of artificial cheer" must travel 130 miles for it.

It may not be cause and effect, but it looks uncommonly like it.

CAUGHT AT LAST The Sea-Serpent As It Is

A sea-serpent has been caught at last in Australian seas.

Many fishermen had seen this fearsome monster raising its head above the waves and quickly dipping it under again, when a great forked tail would flash for a second on the surface.

One day, however, the creature took a wrong turning and stranded itself at Bateman's Bay in New South Wales, where two fishermen promptly lassoed it, set it on a lorry, and hurried it off to the Coojee Aquarium.

This very much took the animal's breath away, and when the experts came along it was puffing and blowing like a grampus.

The monster proved to be a sea-leopard 15 feet long, a spotted member of the seal family which had roamed northward from its home in the Antarctic.

Its head has a slight resemblance to that of a great snake, and the forked tail which the credulous Australian sailors had been describing was the pair of large hind flippers urging it along.

100 YEARS OF THE B.A. GREAT CENTENARY OF SCIENCE Brotherhood of Learning Cemented by a Thousand Bonds THE LONDON MEETINGS!

Full of years and honour the British Association is meeting in London.

It is a hundred years old, and when it was first constituted for the Advancement of Science one of its youthful resolutions was that it should meet anywhere but in London.

When the meeting was held in Australia in 1914, at the outbreak of war, a speaker declared that science knew no frontiers, and though the breakdown of that fine aspiration was so soon to be unhappily demonstrated, the meetings of the British Association, attended by scientific men from all over the world as visitors, have had a mighty influence for peace and understanding.

A Man of Vision

In bringing together the Dominions of the British Empire the persuasive influence of science has been no less marked. Its President this year is the General Smuts who is one of the greatest of South Africa's sons, and one who, himself of a Dutch family of the Cape, has said of the British people among whom he was educated that "they look to far horizons." He is himself a man of vision, and from being an enemy has become a friend eager to promote union among the peoples of South Africa.

The list of the Presidents of the Sections of Mathematics, Geology, Chemistry, Zoology, Anthropology, and the other subjects which the British Association surveys, links the Dominions with the Mother Country.

Professor J. W. Gregory the geologist, Sir William Bragg the physicist, Professor A. R. Radcliffe-Brown the anthropologist come from Australia; Lord Rutherford comes from New Zealand, Lord Lugard speaks for West Africa.

Old and Young Seers

Other men whom the world knows, like Professor Millikan of America, Professor de Sitter, Professor Werenskiold of Norway, Professor Saha, Professor Pieron of France, Professor Zeeman of Holland, link British science with that of the rest of the world.

There is another link still in this great centenary meeting, which resembles a summing-up of what the Association has done in its hundred years of existence to make science known to all and to advance its progress. It is that which binds the thought of the present to that of the past generations.

Professor Sir J. J. Thomson, who addresses the mathematicians, was a pupil of Lord Kelvin. Sir Frank Dyson, Astronomer-Royal, who is one of his vice-presidents, knew the great astronomers, like Huggins and Kapteyn, who laid the foundations of modern ideas about the movements of the stars. In their section are Jeans and Eddington, the youngest of our seers, as well as Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the elders.

A Staunch Darwinian

The Zoologists have chosen for their President Professor Poulton, who knew Darwin and Huxley and is one of the staunchest of Darwinians. Sir John Russell and Sir Daniel Hall were among the Victorian founders of the modern science of Agriculture. Dr H. R. Mill is the historian of Victorian exploration, Dr Henry Balfour one of the earlier anthropologists, and Sir A. Smith Woodward one of the most eminent students of prehistoric man.

A brotherhood of learning joined by a thousand bonds is what the centenary meeting may truly be said to reveal.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS IN SKYE

Partly it was the adventures of the Three Maids described in the C.N. some time ago and partly that stirring book by Mr H. V. Morton, *In Search of Scotland*, that lured two Guiders to the Hebrides. Even a friend's assurance that "Skye was the island that had just been evacuated" left them undeterred, and they send us these notes of their adventures.

As we travelled northward on our 500-mile journey the vistas of mountain, loch, and tumbling burn became ever more magnificent, until at last we drew up at the Kyle of Lochalsh and gazed across the three furlongs of sea which still separated us from our destination.

Our road came to an end by falling steeply into the water, but there was no sign of a ferry. While we sat dreaming of all that Skye held in store for us a young woman came up to say that help would come quicker if we blew the horn!

The Island of Mists

It seemed an unromantic way to effect an entrance to the Island of Mists; however, our Klaxon was set going, and through field-glasses we watched several dots on the far shore running about like disturbed ants.

Something was seen to separate itself from the land and before long resolved itself into the ferry boat. The crossing takes seven minutes, and while sitting quietly at the wheel of your car you get all the sensations of being in a speed boat.

Skye is an island of extreme contrasts. An apparently unending stretch of desolate moor is immediately succeeded by smiling country lanes, bluebell woods, and well-filled cottage gardens. There is something terror-striking about the gaunt and serrated peaks of the Coolin Mountains, but almost in shadow of them will be found some cheerful little hamlet with its patches of cultivation and much vocal evidence of the willow warbler, the chaffinch, and the wren.

More than one author of distinction finds his way to Skye because he can work there undisturbed; perhaps, too, he finds something in the rigours of its scenery that intensifies his literary mood.

Rock-Girdled Lakes

Tramping, rambling, call it what you will, there can be no more thrilling country in which to pursue such delights. The risks of mist and storm make climbing just sufficiently hazardous. You set off with a well-packed rucksack, field-glasses all ready for the buzzard (or perhaps the eagle) which you hope to see silhouetted against a cloudless sky, and a camera that is somehow to convey to others the pictures that have flashed upon your inward eye.

Groups of fierce-looking Highland cattle, wandering herds of hill-ponies, crofters' cottages with their neat stacks of peat and the cows and hens in such friendly proximity, clouds settling like nightcaps on such peaks as Glamaig or Blaven, rock-girdled lakes like Coruisk: on all these the urge to expend films is irresistible.

Those who want to think themselves back into the Skye of history and legend, of invasions by Norsemen and feuds between clans, of the wanderings of Prince Charlie and the resourcefulness

of Flora Macdonald, can do so best at Dunvegan Castle.

The guide who takes you round hills, strangely enough, from Cornwall; but she knows how to stir your interest in deeds both fair and foul of the MacLeod family. The castle, which until the 18th century was accessible by boat only, came into their possession over a thousand years ago, and the present chief is the 24th in the succession. It is almost uncanny to stand in a modern-looking dining-room, laid ready for dinner, and realise that a few feet away is a gruesome twenty-foot dungeon in which vanquished enemies yielded to force or were left to die of starvation.

In the Heart of the Coolins

One day we stood on the shore below the little village of Elgol, wondering if the sea was too choppy for a four-mile voyage to the famous Loch Coruisk. A woman came out from a lonely cottage and assured us it was just a grand day for a sail.

She was right, and the setting of the loch in the very heart of the Coolins makes half an hour's scrambling over wet and jagged rocks seem worth while.

Our launch bore us swiftly back to the Bay of Elgol, and soon we found ourselves sitting in our friend's little kitchen while she busied herself getting tea for the "wee bit lassies."

Slabs of peat burned brightly on the open hearth, the thickness of the walls gave an indescribable sense of snugness. We slipped our rucksacks, leaned back on the wooden bench, and were soon falling to on boiled eggs, buttered toast, and scones. The hen's nesting-box was conveniently placed just inside the front door; the chickens only left the kitchen under protest.

Stirring Country Dances

Our hostess had a wonderfully dramatic voice in which to tell sea-stories or of her days in the peats. She asked many questions about England. The red-letter days in her lonely life are those which bring postcards from visitors she has sheltered in bad weather.

When the people of Elgol go to Coruisk it is to get whelks for the London market. Strange that what to some should be "the most savage scene of desolation in Britain" is just a source of livelihood to others.

Guiding has now found its way to the Isle of Skye and Portree has a flourishing company. Some of its members are attending school there, but really hail from the Outer Islands. We met them in the Commissioner's garden, and they regaled us with eightsome reels, stirring country dances like *The Dashing White Sergeant*, and Gaelic folk-songs skilfully conducted by a patrol leader who comes of a famous family of pipers. They welcomed messages and photographs from our English company and threatened that their replies would be written in Gaelic!

It is an experience that never grows stale to meet Guides in far-away places and find among them just the same spirit, the same enthusiasms, as in your home companies. *Pictures on page 3*

THE LITTLE FRIEND OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

News comes from Paris that when alterations were being made in the garden of the Touzel family's old home a little tombstone was found inscribed with the name *Coco*.

It recalls a very tragic page of history. When the wrongs of the French peasantry were gathering into a tidal wave of fury, and there was unguessing gaiety still at the Court, Marie Antoinette had a pet dog called *Coco*.

The revolution broke out, sweeping everything before it. The king and queen were ordered to prison. But even then

she did not forget poor *Coco*, and asked her children's governess, the Marquise de Touzel, to look after him.

The marquise did her best, but *Coco* pined for his mistress and died. It is said that he died on the day that she met death so bravely on the guillotine.

To *Coco* she seemed an angel of kindness; to the poor, a strong-hearted woman who did not care if their children starved. We can see today that her greatest fault was ignorance, and that is still the thing that brings swiftest destruction to a man or a nation.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH TRAVELLING NEW KIND OF RAILWAY GUIDE

Looking After Careless Passengers and Litter Louts

THE CHILD ALONE

Railway lore is a subject so fascinating that everyone will welcome the new booklet on Southern Ways and Means just brought out by the Southern Railway. With humorous pictures by Fougasse, it is the brightest and most amusing guide book that has come our way for many years.

Costing only sixpence it is packed with good stories, sidelights behind the scenes of the working of a great railway system, and tips enough to make us all happy travellers.

Many schoolchildren, we read in this book, have made use of the opportunities given them of cheap visits to the giant liners in Southampton Docks. Other excursions which should not be missed are visits to the railway works, where one may see a train in the making.

A Boon to Walkers

Go-as-you-please tickets have come as a boon and a blessing to walkers. Suppose, for example, that Jack and Joan want to go from London to East Grinstead and walk from there, through pretty country, to Horsham. Instead of paying the ordinary third-class fare from London to East Grinstead they take a ramble ticket, a third-class day return, which is 3s 6d cheaper. They may come back from Horsham to London by the return half if they pay another shilling, the difference between the fares of these two places.

This booklet gives us revelations of the efficient ambulance service all over the system. The Lost Property Office also does wonderful work in finding things which would seem to be hopelessly lost.

Honesty of Our Railwaymen

One day a woman passenger was eating fruit in the train. She went to wash her hands, and, being apparently a careless woman, she put four rings in her fruit bag. She forgot them, and threw the bag out of the window. While reporting her loss she remembered that she had been passing a brickfield at the time. Here was a clue, and some platelayers set out from Victoria and found the rings.

Last year nearly £1500 in loose cash and in purses was brought to the Lost Property Office at Waterloo by porters and railway servants, a wonderful testimony to the honesty of our railwaymen.

Queer goods may often be seen in the guard's van. Elephants are quite simple to deal with, but sometimes there are bees, which must be packed so that they do not escape. Homing pigeons often go by rail and are let loose at their destinations by the stationmaster.

Litter Lout's Ingratitude

Once a woman brought a child labelled Eastbourne to the platform barrier. It had travelled alone from Scotland, she said, and it was free of cost because it was under three! The child was placed in the guard's van and carried safely to its destination. But surely travelling alone in such a case it was afraid?

Much extra work is given to the busy railway staff by the contemptible Litter Lout. It is a great convenience to him to have shops in the large railway stations, and he shows his ingratitude by throwing the paper coverings of chocolates and cigarettes on to the station floor. The towels on the train provided for drying his hands are used by him for boot-cleaning, and in the fittings of the railway carriages he often leaves holes burned by cigarette ends. Large holes are sometimes burned also in the carpets by the red-hot ashes he carelessly knocks out of his pipe.

THE ECLIPSE

EFFECT OF THE SUN ON OUR ATMOSPHERE

What a Man in the Moon
Would See

RAINBOW COLOURS

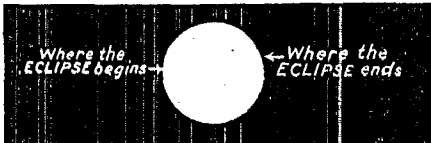
By the C.N. Astronomer

On Saturday, September 26, the Earth will pass between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon will be what astronomers call totally eclipsed.

But she will not be entirely blotted out. Most probably her radiant face will be transformed to a dull reddish or coppery hue, or she may turn a dark ashen-grey when totally immersed in the Earth's shadow; but in either case she will be dimly perceptible.

The eclipse begins at six minutes to seven o'clock, the Moon having risen only five minutes before; but as the Sun will be setting at 6.50 the beginning of the eclipse is not likely to be visible.

The Moon, as soon as she is seen in the twilight, will be found low down near the horizon and due east. A growing duskiess will then be seen creeping over her left side, and already



Saturday's eclipse

a darkened area be perceptible near where the eclipse began, as shown in the picture. This area will continue to increase as the Moon charges into the Earth's shadow at the rate of about 36 miles a minute. By about six minutes after eight she will have become completely immersed, and the Sun will then be entirely shut off from the Moon.

A man on the Moon would see nothing but the Sun's glorious Corona projecting more or less from behind the dark disc of our world; but in addition there would be a superb ring of light, probably coloured, surrounding the dark sphere of the Earth.

This ring of light would appear, as seen from the Moon, to be about four times the width the Moon's disc appears to us. Most of it would be rosy, pearly white, or yellow; but whichever colour predominates so the Moon will appear to us as reddish, coppery, or grey.

Wave-Lengths of Light

We may say that our world paints the Moon during total eclipse the particular colour that we see it; it will be interesting to note which colour prevails at the coming eclipse.

What happens is that this ring of light is the Earth's atmosphere illuminated by the Sun, the refractive power of which bends the light from the hidden Sun so as partially to illumine the Moon. In bending the light the atmosphere breaks it up into various wave-lengths, and so a rainbow effect is produced around the Earth, red and yellow being most obvious, as in the tints of our sunsets. If clouds are generally absent from the rim of the Earth's disc the Moon will assume a reddish or coppery hue; if not an ashen-grey will prevail.

Totality will be over when the Moon begins to emerge from the Earth's shadow soon after half-past nine, and by about 10.42 our satellite will have got clear, except for the duskiess of what is called the penumbra on those regions of the Moon where the Sun is only partly hidden by the Earth.

G. F. M.

KNOWING COUNTRIES

To know Germany through Goethe, Italy through Dante, England through Shakespeare, is a far better and deeper form of knowledge than that which comes through trains, hotels, news paragraphs, and political arguments.

Professor Gilbert Murray

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

The L.M.S. Has a
Good Idea

WHAT A GREAT RAILWAY WILL DO FOR YOU

Keep your tail up! seems to be the motto of the L.M.S., which is having to fight hard in this age of petrol to make both ends even approach each other.

What the L.M.S. has to sell, not only in transport but in other facilities, is hardly realised by the public. Mr Ashton Davies, the Passenger Manager, has hit on a good idea for making these new conveniences better known.

He is educating the huge staff of over ninety thousand railwaymen in the selling points of the L.M.S. Railway so that they may tell their friends.

A New Way of Advertising

This is done by means of a Tell-Your-Friends page in the L.M.S. magazine, which is read by the whole staff. The new form of advertising is likely to be successful, for nobody realises better than the employees how much the interests of the company are bound up with their own.

Moving Without Tears is one of the latest enterprises of the L.M.S., which undertakes to pack and then to move, at a low charge, all the furniture and goods from any house to anywhere.

The company owns 350 splendid warehouses in all the great industrial centres of our Little Treasure Island. Instead of building for themselves expensive storehouses, which are often empty between the seasons, manufacturers can now rent a large or small space for housing their goods. When their stock is small they can decrease the space and so save the rent.

Parcels and Parking Places

These are not the only bits of news on the Tell-Your-Friends page of this month's issue of the magazine. It is also announced that for nearly a year it has been possible to send parcels up to 44 pounds to almost any destination on the Continent by the Tilbury-Dunkirk route under the new Continental Postal Tariff arrangement.

Another enterprise of the L.M.S. is bringing in steadily-growing receipts. Since last January parking places have been made on the company's property at over 200 passenger stations and 400 goods depots. Small charges are made by the day for space and for looking after motor-cars and all kinds of vehicles.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

What is a Ship's Husband?

A man who takes care of a vessel while she is in port is called a ship's husband.

What is the Distance Between John o' Groats and the Lizard?

A direct line from John o' Groats in Wick to the Lizard in Cornwall measures 600 miles. By road the distance is 866 miles.

What is a Parliament Clock?

A large clock that was placed in conspicuous places in taverns and elsewhere when a tax was imposed on householders' clocks and watches in 1797. One of these clocks can be seen in Sandwich Guildhall.

Who Originated the Two Minutes Silence?

The late Sir James Percy FitzPatrick. The Silence is observed throughout England, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and U.S.A., in all the great Continental capitals, and in the big towns in India, South Africa, South America, Egypt, Japan, Iceland, and the Dutch East Indies.

What is the Burial Service For Those at Sea?

With two alterations it is the same as the office in the Book of Common Prayer. The alterations in the wording are: (1) looking to the time when "the sea shall give up her dead," in committing the body to its last resting-place; and (2) the words "looking for the Resurrection of the Body and the life of the world to come" in place of "in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life."

MOVING A HOUSE TO HELP A FRIEND

Life in the Lonely
Continent

THE AERIAL AMBULANCE

In isolated parts of Australia it is wonderful what people will do for one another in cases of emergency.

When a West Australian named Bain was taken ill a few weeks ago, and could not leave his bed, his friends wanted him to come and stay near them so that they could look after him.

But nothing would induce Bain to leave his home in a remote place in the outback some way from Wyalcatchem.

Something had to be done about it. His friends were not going to leave a sick comrade all alone. If Mohammed could not come to the mountain they must bring the mountain to Mohammed.

A Doctor's Visit By Air

They borrowed a kind of crane and a team of horses, jacked up Bain's house, and moved it bodily a mile and a half, lowering it by the side of the house of his best friend, who is nursing him until he is well again.

Another emergency happened lately in the north of this vast continent.

There was an outbreak of influenza among the natives at Mornington Island, a mission station in the Gulf of Carpentaria.

Immediately on hearing the news Dr Vickers, who is attached to the Australian Inland Mission, flew there from Cloncurry, three hundred miles away. He treated thirty of the cases and soon had the situation well in hand.

It was all in the day's work, but this is one of the longest flights yet undertaken by the Cloncurry aerial ambulance.

A BOOK OF 1302

25 Years of Work On a New Edition

For 25 years scholars at our Public Record Office have been editing a book first issued over 600 years ago.

This remarkable manuscript book of 1302 was printed for the first time in 1807, but that edition proved of little more value to historians than the first. The book is known as the Book of Fees, and contains lists of the holders of land in England from the year 1198 to 1293 and of their payments to the king.

What the modern editors have endeavoured to solve is the respective dates of these lists, and they have accomplished this by finding the original returns still surviving in the Record Office and comparing them with the book of 1302.

The year 1198 marks the beginning of the greatest principle on which our land is governed—taxation by representatives of the people who are to be taxed. During the absence of Richard Coeur de Lion Hubert Walter was sole ruler of England. He had raised the vast ransom for his king and other huge sums for later wars and he decided that in future taxation should be on a sound basis.

He therefore levied a tax of five shillings on every 100 acres of arable land except that held by parish churches. He sent round England two commissioners who, with the sheriff, knights chosen by the local landowners, and duly elected representatives of the common people of every town or hundred, were to hold a survey or inquest on the acreage and its holders.

At the end of the period covered by this book Edward the First was ruling England firmly and justly, and Parliament was making laws that influence our life today.

We can realise, therefore, how valuable this book of 1302 is to the student of our social history and how valuable has been the work of the editors of its third edition.

Mummy has the same breakfast as me!



PAMELA needs no persuasion to eat Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Every morning she is eager to enjoy a plateful of these tempting grains.



MOTHER, too, likes these fascinating grains and is delighted to see Pamela enjoy them so, for she knows the rich nourishment they provide.

For lazy appetites and childish digestions Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are ideal. Ready to serve, they contain all the nourishment of a hot cooked cereal. Puffed Rice is specially selected rice in its most nourishing and tempting form. Puffed Wheat contains the vital food elements of the wheat grain necessary for healthy growing bodies.

Some prefer Puffed Rice, others Puffed Wheat; what of your family? Try both, for the price of one.

FREE PACKET COUPON



Take this coupon to any grocer.

This certifies that my grocer has given me a full-sized packet of both Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice for 8d. I have not used a similar coupon before.

Name _____

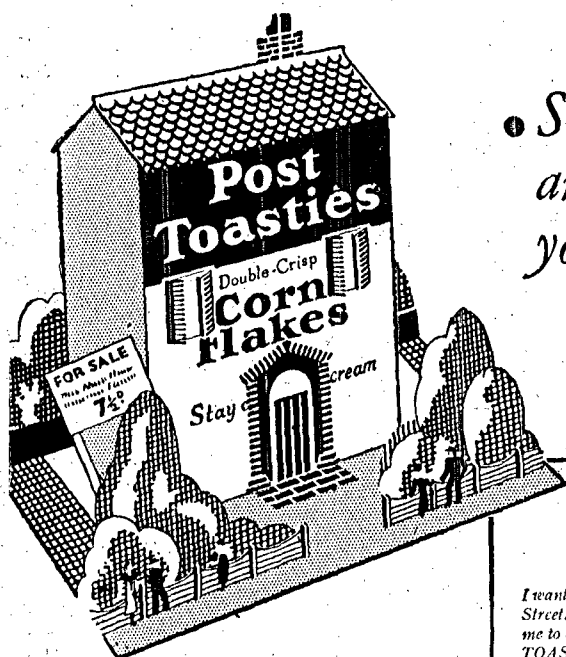
Address _____

To the Grocer

On receipt of this coupon with name and address of customer filled in we will send you 8d., the full retail price of packet you gave as per our offer. Quaker Oats, Ltd., 11 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.2.

C.N.P.25

The nicest House in Breakfast Street



• Send this coupon and make it yourself . . .

COUPON

To the Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 38 Upper Ground Street, Blackfriars, London, S.E. 1.

I want to make the Nicest House in Breakfast Street. Send me the parts which will enable me to build the house from an empty POST TOASTIES packet.

Name

Address

Print in block letters. 3d. stamp will do on the envelope if unsealed

HERE is the Nicest House in Breakfast Street. POST-TOASTIES House. You'll have such fun making it and playing with it.

The house itself is really an empty POST TOASTIES packet. But if you send us this coupon we will send you a set of parts—a roof, windows, door and garden, all gaily coloured in green, red, yellow and blue—which will enable you to transform the packet into the jolliest little house imaginable. Send the coupon now.

POST TOASTIES ARE DELICIOUS CRISP FLAKES OF INDIAN CORN; READY TO SERVE.

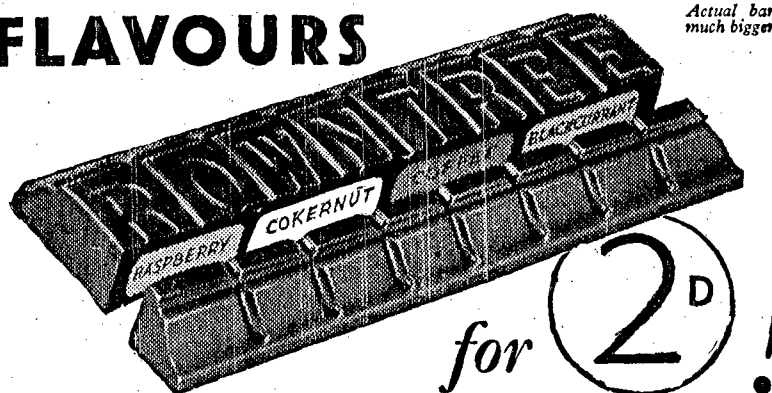
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DELICIOUS SWEETS

AN OXFORD VILLAGE Stanton Harcourt

This is the second prize-winner in the C.N. competition for the best description of a village, and the second prize has been sent to the contributor, Mr T. H. Martin of Southbourne.

It is only eight miles from Oxford, clean, sweet, peaceful, representing the present, the medieval, and the dim and distant past.

All round it is beautiful rolling country, and but a field or two away is the Thames. It is a typical English village, seeming to possess more than its share of beauty and claiming peculiar and priceless memorials of its country's history.

Unusually interesting is the church, supposed to have been built on the site of an early British temple. Among its wealth of architectural and antiquarian detail is what has been considered to be the earliest of Early English screens; also it has one of three known examples of the figure of a lady wearing the Order of the Garter.

Barons Bold

Numerous monuments tell of the importance of the village in former times, for *There are twenty of Harcourts, Barons bold, Lie within that proud chapelle.*

In the 12th century a reputed descendant of Bernard the Norseman settled here and added his name of Harcourt to the original Stanton.

One relic of the old baronial fortress remains and is known as Pope's Tower, for here the poet continued a part of his Homer translation. "I have no peace from visitants (he said), and a noble lord has consigned me a lone house." Upon a window-pane he wrote:

In the Year 1718
Alexander Pope
Finished here the
Fifth Volume of Homer.

This is now preserved at Nuneham Courtenay.

From an earlier day come stories of a tragic happening in the priest's chamber of the old tower.

The Feudal Kitchen

What is even of greater interest is the great kitchen of an old feudal stronghold, the most impressive witness to the antiquity of the whole. It is nearly 40 feet high and its conical roof is surmounted by a griffin. The great fires were made on the floor, the smoke escaping by a cunningly worked arrangement in the vault above, for there was no chimney.

South of the village three huge prehistoric stones stand up, about 200 yards apart. They are known as the Devil's Quoits.

On the grass verge along the street, perilously near the traffic, stand the Stocks, bearing a forlorn look as if appealing for preservation.

The neighbourhood should not be left without seeing the picturesque old ferry of Bablockhythe, immortalised by Matthew Arnold.

EXPERT OPINION

Goods, Labour, and Capital Must Move Freely

Economic experts who have been meeting from time to time in Geneva have made a statement about tariffs that is worth thinking about.

They say, without mincing matters, that there is no hope of re-establishing prosperity in Europe until goods, capital, and labour are able to circulate more freely.

This is surely a clear answer, from those who know, to the clamour for protective tariffs now heard on almost every side. This statement is the result of deep study, hard reasoning, and practical knowledge.

Actual practical proposals made by these experts are for industrial agreements for the control of production and prices, and regional customs pacts which will not injure other groups.

OUR LAND OF CAKES What is Happening to the Staff of Life?

TOO MANY FANCIES

Visitors to the Confectioners and Bakers Exhibition in London were reminded of Marie Antoinette's comment when the starving Parisians were crying aloud for bread. "Why cannot they eat cake?" asked the queen.

For here, in the Agricultural Hall, the cakes and pastries held the field to the disparagement of the plain, wholesome loaf of bread.

The "afternoon fancies," as they are called by the trade, are increasing greatly in popularity, and every art of the confectioner is employed in making them fancier yet. They are made to look like flowers, fruit, and even human beings—like anything but cakes.

Bread is now giving place to cakes, and even bread-and-jam is losing its attraction at the tea-table. Mother's old injunction, "A piece of plain first," is seldom heard today, when everyone appears to have acquired a sweet tooth.

Where Opinions Differ

Time was when the athletic youth scorned the Parisian gateaux, but today the sugared cake is the fare in the cricket pavilion.

Very different fare this from the rye bread of the European peasant or the rice of the labourer of the East.

As to the food value of our fancies, there is still a great difference of opinion.

Sugar is a splendid food for the young and energetic, and, provided they have enough food of a solid kind, a few fancies cannot do much harm.

Yet who does not still welcome the solid piece of farmhouse bread enjoyed after a glowing tramp over the open country? We must never forget that bread is, after all, the cheapest and most nutritious of all the foods man has ever known.

A ROMAN STREET

What It Is Like

NEW DISCOVERY AT ST ALBANS

Little by little excavators are reaching the great Roman city of Verulamium in its pleasant setting below the hill on which towers the cathedral of St Alban.

With spade and trowel students and old Service men are working under the direction of Dr Wheeler, Keeper of the London Museum, exposing two of the streets in that part of Verulamium in which its people lived. We are all interested in road-making today, and we have still much to learn from the Romans, who gave us our first great roads.

What kind of road did they make in the residential quarters of their towns? A section just revealed at Verulamium tells us. They established this road on solid foundations of flints to a depth of two or three feet, and formed its surface of small rubble. But between flint and rubble we can see today several layers of this top dressing, proving that they had constantly repaired this road during the hundreds of years that it served them.

Other finds, too, have been made. The site of the northern gate in the wall has been found and is to be excavated. A mosaic floor of great beauty with tiny coloured pieces is being laid bare inch by inch, and an almost perfect bowl of red-glazed ware with rich mouldings has been dug from the soil which had covered it for 1500 years.

The young men and women students who are helping Dr Wheeler in this splendid work are truly reaping a rich reward from their labours.

To C.N. Motorists

Do Not Buy Petrol From Ugly Stations

POETS AT GENEVA

Mr Masfield Looks at the League

GETTING THE INTELLECTUALS TOGETHER

Our Poet Laureate visited Geneva a short time ago as a member of the League's Committee on Arts and Letters, and, from all accounts, he enjoyed his stay.

Everyone who has been to Geneva knows that an actual visit does more than months of reading to give an understanding of what the League sets out to do. Mr Masfield discovered this at once.

"Is it not a remarkable and impressive thing," he said, "that some 25 persons, of artistic or literary distinction, representing about half the countries in Europe, should have come to Geneva for the express purpose of helping people generally to go beneath the surface of national differences and to discover those things which unite and may be shared? As far as I know, this is the first time in history that any organised attempt has been made to bring together the thinkers and writers of many nations with the avowed purpose of fostering friendliness."

Entering on a New Stage

Of course the Committee on Intellectual Cooperation has been at work for nearly nine years trying to do just these things, but this year it starts on a new stage of its career. The Committee on which Mr Masfield sits side by side with Thomas Mann, the German novelist, and others, seeks to increase international friendliness through the influence of theatre, cinema, and wireless.

Another method proposed is to encourage writers in different countries to correspond with one another concerning problems of thought as well as all kinds of questions affecting the cooperation of nations, such correspondence to be published and given wide circulation by the League.

BRAZIL'S TROUBLES

A Country and Its Sinking Fund

The Brazilian Government has decided to suspend its Sinking Fund on all but three of its foreign debts.

The economic depression has so afflicted this greatest of the South American States that she cannot see her way to secure the £3,000,000 by which she redeems her debt each year.

The Brazilian Government announces that by this action alone will the State be able to pay the interest due to foreign holders of her securities. It is striving hard to place the national finances on a sound basis, and has declared its intention of setting aside funds in a bank in Brazil for the time when the payments of the Sinking Fund become due.

The standard coin, the milreis, which in 1926 was stabilised as worth nearly 6d on the gold basis of the pound sterling, can today be exchanged abroad only at the value of 3d, a desperately low figure. English people have in the past lent large sums from their savings to Brazil, and stand to lose heavily from any default by that country.

The Sinking Funds of a State are of great service in sustaining the value of its stocks on the money market. Whenever the market price of a stock drops to a certain figure a Government broker buys some of it. This is cancelled, so saving the interest that would otherwise have to be paid upon it.

When a Government is a regular purchaser of its own stock the price will tend to keep high, and a high value of a loan brings nearer the day when it can be converted into another stock on which less interest need be paid.

That is why no Government of courage today likes to suspend its Sinking Fund.

C. L. N.

A Sudden Increase of Membership

Number of Members—28,223

Over the sea and far away are many strange lands. The old salt in our picture is telling these children of Great Britain some of his adventures in far countries. We may be sure that he has found out, as all C.L.N. members who have been abroad could tell him, that foreigners are in reality kindly neighbours and not a queer species of people who live a life very remote from our own.

This picture is the last of the six postcards showing the children of the League of Nations which are being published for the C.L.N. by Raphael Tuck. Many of our readers have already seen these



Great Britain

cards, for one is being sent free to every C.L.N. member up to November 11. The remaining five may be bought in any postcard shop. Attached to these pictures is a competition for C.L.N. members, particulars of which may be found in the C.N. of August 22. Some of the many prizes are a trip to Geneva, a bicycle, and a camera.

Now that the schools have reopened there has been, as we had expected, a sudden increase of C.L.N. members. Many of them belong to the industrial districts of our little island, Blackburn, Birmingham, Sheffield, Newcastle, Wigan, Birkenhead, Glasgow, and Halifax. They set a good example to those grown-ups who are too much concerned with our own troubles of making the Budget balance to give a thought to international affairs.

Our national crisis is showing us how much we all depend on one another, and now is the time to join the C.L.N. It is becoming an ever stronger link between the nations, and every boy and girl reader of the C.N. who has not already joined can give real help to the League by sending along sixpence and becoming a member.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Eighteen sheep have been rescued from a snowdrift in which they were buried for eight weeks, at Molteno, in South Africa.

Many journalists from European papers were sent to report the Southport Flower Show, which is the greatest in the world.

MISS PLUNKET IN HER GARDEN

A Hundred and Ten Years Old

BUT NOT TOO OLD TO WIN A CHAMPIONSHIP

Although the oldest woman in these islands, Miss Katherine Plunket, is in her 111th year, she enjoys life more than many a young woman of eighty or ninety.

This splendid old lady has just won the Fortescue Challenge Bowl for fruit and flower exhibits at Dundalk Show. It is the third year in succession that she has won it, so the bowl now becomes her property.

So delighted was Miss Plunket at her success that for the first time for years she left her bedroom the other day and actually walked out to inspect the gardens which had produced such fine fruit and flowers.

Won By Her Own Efforts

It was largely through her own efforts that she won the championship. From her bedroom window this old lady of 110, born in the year when George the Fourth was crowned, constantly gives instructions for the care of her gardens. For the last twenty years, since she was the youthful age of ninety, Miss Plunket has taken a keen interest in the Dundalk Show and has been one of its best supporters.

We hope that our oldest lady may continue to show this plucky example to old folk, and that she may live to win other prizes at the Dundalk Show.

THE SPEED GAME

World's Fastest Train

The battle for speed continues on the railways, as in the air and at sea.

For long the world's fastest run was that of the Great Western train leaving Swindon at 3.45 in the afternoon and arriving at Paddington 70 minutes later, an average of just over 66 miles an hour. Canada thought she could improve on that record and did so on the C.P.R. with a run, by the famous Royal York express, between Smith Falls and Montreal, of 124 miles in 108 minutes. This is an average of nearly 69 miles an hour. Another excellent run is that on the Canadian National Railway between Montreal and Toronto, 334 miles, made in 360 minutes, including four stops.

Now the Great Western Railway has decided that the journey from Swindon to Paddington shall be completed in 67 minutes, and this is the time allowed in the new winter time-table. It means an average speed of over 69 miles an hour. In fact the 77-mile journey has been made in less than 60 minutes.

SIX MILES A MINUTE

No More Schneider Races

The Schneider Trophy has found its final resting-place in England.

Lieutenant Boothman flew over the 217-mile course at a speed of 340.08 miles an hour, and, as no others flew, the trophy was won for the third time in succession by England and so it remains ours. During the same flight the world's record over a hundred-kilometre course was broken with a speed of 342.7 miles an hour. The first race for the trophy was won in 1913 by France at a little more than 45 miles an hour.

On the same day another record was captured by Lieutenant Stainforth. He covered a three-kilometre course four times at an average speed of 379.05 miles an hour, one lap being covered at 388.67 miles an hour. At Stainforth's speed Edinburgh could be reached in an hour from London, and Bournemouth in twelve minutes.

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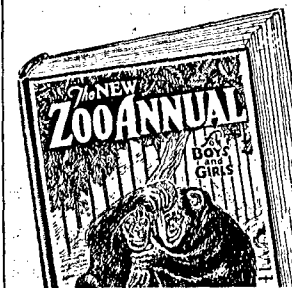
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THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 49 One Treads Alone

MONAGAN looked at them all in his breeziest fashion. "Of course, I'll tell you every bit," he cried heartily.

He leaned forward in his chair, his legs spread apart. "Here's all I know, and I hope you'll mark and digest it. The accident to the ferry-boat happened at eight o'clock in the evening. At a quarter-past seven that same evening poor old Mark had been spotted in the boat hacking away at the plug—"

"No," interjected Trytton; "Mark was looking at the floor-boards."

"Oh, the same thing," said Monagan.

"But how did you come into it?" Oldridge persisted.

"That's simple," said Monagan, with a yawn. "The Chairman of the Town Council came up to watch the Garrison match and was asked, or asked himself, to lunch with the teams. He sat next to me, and we happened to talk about Fitch."

"Yes?" Oldridge said, when he paused.

"Oh, well, a little time after the accident the Council came to the Head and, telling him that they thought it must have been one of our people, they asked him to investigate quietly, without any fuss. They must just have mentioned at the same time that I had been talking against Fitch."

"Had you?"

"Oh, I might have uttered a word or two during lunch in a joking way. Anyhow, the Head had me up and asked me what I knew about it. I was able to prove that all I knew was absolutely nothing, and that all I'd had to do with it was as much. Monagan stopped to yawn again ostentatiously. "So the Head said, of course, that he'd never suspected me seriously, that he'd merely questioned me as a matter of form, and then presently I—well—I heard it had been traced to Mark. I asked Mark how, and he told me a farm-hand had spotted him—"

"Mark told you a farm-hand had spotted him? Did he say he was guilty?"

"Why, naturally, Oldridge," Monagan said, with wide eyes. "I wanted to get him out of it. I said we'd ask you; I said you could get him out of it if anyone could, but he said—I remember it as clearly as if it was yesterday—he kept saying, 'It's no good, old chap. That farm fellow saw me!' He said it just like that, in a low tone and shivering."

"That's a lie!" Trytton cried out.

Oldridge gave him a frown, in reminder of where he was. Monagan said drearily: "I only wish it was a lie. But poor old Mark had been caught in the act. So he had closed my mouth."

"Rather odd that you kept it so closed from the four of us!"

"No, Oldridge; not a bit odd. Abbot knew Mark was expelled, but he never told you. Iard-knew Mark was expelled, but he has kept it dark. Why should I go cackling, of all people? Of course not, old boy. The Head didn't want it mentioned, Mark told me that. So was it likely that anyone would get a word out of me. No, I don't tell tales."

"You seem to me," burst in Cronshaw, thrusting his long neck fiercely out of its collar, "to protest a great deal too much, Monagan!"

"And that," said Oldridge formally, "seems rather uncalled for, Cronshaw. But Monagan has declared he doesn't tell tales, and I'm wondering on my part what sort of tales he's referring to. However, the Head will have to decide between him and Mark's brother." He glanced at Trytton, hanging on every word: then he turned round toward Abbot. "You people want my advice. Then here it is, Abbot. You're in School House, and tomorrow you'll take young Trytton to the Head. Meanwhile, we must promise to keep this scene to ourselves. You, Monagan, won't talk: you've too much to hide, perhaps; and the rest of us won't, that's certain." Then Oldridge turned back to Trytton.

"Young man, it's past your bedtime," he said in a new tone, a freer tone from which all sedateness had slipped. "You ought to be up in your dormitory; but I'll have to make that right for you, I suppose. Dear, dear!" he went on, with a smile for Abbot and Cronshaw, "making things right for a Trytton is just like old times. The number of times I've made things right for old Mark?"

"Off you go, Trytton," drawled Abbot. The five were alone. Monagan made a movement towards the door, but Oldridge got there first and planted his back to it.

He seemed to fill the whole room, so straightly he stood.

"Monagan," he uttered, "if young Trytton's story is true, so sure as I'm standing here, and whatever the Head does to you, I'll proclaim you as a black-guard before the whole School. We have knocked about together, you and I, Monagan, we've had some fun together year by year, and I've taken you for a straight man; perhaps you still are. But if this thing is true—"

He stepped aside from the door. Monagan passed out by himself. None bore him company.

CHAPTER 50 With the Head

NOR did any bear Monagan company next day when he went to the Head.

A good night's rest had set him up and brought back his courage. He believed that he could extricate himself still. For what had he to beat? Merely a youngster's experiment with a plug. And in the teeth of the evidence against Mark how could the Head accept that experiment as conclusive?

Singularly enough, the Head's opening words were the very ones his anticipation had pictured.

"I have heard Trytton's story," the Head began. "What a change next! 'If you wish, he shall repeat it to your face, Monagan. Otherwise I will ask you a question or two?'"

Monagan did not like the grave tones of the voice, nor the gravity of the Head's face.

"Sir," he responded, "I should like to answer any questions."

"Very good. You had been using your tongue against Fitch at lunch that day. You had told Mr Spalding, the Chairman of the Council, that Fitch was much past his job." The Head had some memoranda in front of him. "That is right, isn't it?"

"Quite right, sir," said Monagan.

"Later in the afternoon you went to Mark Trytton and told him in a whisper, in a secret sort of way, that you had been putting a spoke into Fitch's wheel. Those were your words, I think? That you had 'put a spoke into Fitch's wheel'?"

JACKO UPSETS BELINDA

IT was Belinda's birthday. Jacko's mother said he had better go and wish his sister many Happy Returns.

Jacko consulted his friend Chimp, who was spending the day with him.

Chimp had no objection. On the contrary, he pointed out that Jacko's big sister might have some buns to give away on such a festive occasion.

"So far as I remember, sir."

The Head threw a glance at his notes. "They were your very words, Monagan. Well, now, Trytton didn't like it. He told you at once that he hoped you had not been playing any trick on old Fitch, because if you had it was sure to be attributed to him. He reminded you of what trouble he had already been in with me regarding the ferry, and how I had warned him most seriously that it must never happen again, and he begged your assurance that you'd done nothing ugly to Fitch or nothing you wouldn't acknowledge if a row came?"

Monagan's sharp eyes was watching the notes. "Yes, sir," he answered guardedly, "I remember Mark telling you that."

"Now we come to the answer you gave to Mark Trytton. You assured him that you hadn't done anything ugly."

"Yes, of course, sir!" cried Monagan.

"Also you promised Mark Trytton that if any trouble came out of it you would take all the blame?"

"If any trouble came from what I had done, sir."

"But all you had done was to talk against Fitch at lunch?"

"That is all, sir."

"The only spoke you had put into Fitch's wheel was to impress on Mr Spalding that they ought to get rid of Fitch?"

"Yes, sir. As I told you at once when you asked us."

The Head tapped his notes with his forefinger. "Precisely," he answered. "My present questions are taken from what I dragged out of you and Mark Trytton from time to time during the course of my investigations. Monagan, you know that perfectly well, for I have seen how you keep trying to peep at my notes. Well, that was the story you told me. Mark Trytton confirmed it. Now keep your memory fixed. What did Mark Trytton tell me when eventually I had occasion to ask him what he himself was doing in Fitch's boat at a quarter past seven?"

"Something, sir, about being anxious."

Mark Trytton's brother stood stiller than ever. He was holding his breath now, but his Adam's apple worked up and down in his throat.

"Let me tell you, Monagan," said the Head, consulting his papers. "Mark Trytton's explanation was this: that you

whisper about your spoke in Fitch's wheel had disturbed him, that your manner as you whispered it had disturbed him. That the more he had thought about it the more bothered he grew, because he couldn't help feeling that you had been up to something more than mere chatter at lunch." The Head paused and his eyes challenged Monagan.

"So Mark said that he grew uneasy. Partly on his own account, partly on Fitch's. He had, he said, a genuine liking for Fitch; you remember Mark's words: 'Old Fitch and I understand each other?'"

"Now you remind me, sir, yes, I do remember," said Monagan.

"All right. Suspecting more and more that your spoke might be an unkind spoke of some kind, or at any rate a much more active spoke than a few idle words, Mark said that his alarm increased on his own account, because any serious consequences were sure to be attributed to him—"

"Sir," protested Monagan, "Mark had my promise!"

"He had. You remember I put that to him. Do you recall his answer?"

Monagan flushed. "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I am bound to remind you of Mark's answer. He said that in case the consequences became serious he had a feeling that you were equal to sliding out of them."

"Sir!" exclaimed Monagan, "I dare say he did say that, but—"

"Never mind. We won't argue it. That is what Mark Trytton said, and that formed his explanation of what he did next. He said he grew more and more uneasy, until at last he couldn't stand it any longer; he couldn't rest till he'd been to the ferry to see for himself what you'd be at, and to put it all right again."

"Or so Mark professed, sir."

"Yes, so he professed," the Head returned in a curt tone. "I am reminding you of his explanation, Monagan. So he went to the ferry; but it was later than he supposed; and as he did not wish to show himself for fear of giving you away, he had to keep in the background, he said, while Fitch was bringing some golfers back; then, as soon as the old fellow went pottering off, and Mark could distinguish that Fitch himself was all right, he darted down to take a look at the boat, which was left, as usual, by itself. He got into the boat and looked round it. It seemed just as ever. Then it occurred to him to look under the seats, in case you had been prising them up or loosening them in some fashion so that they would collapse if the passengers sat on them. He stooped right down to do this, and as he was raising his head again he glanced at his watch and saw that it had gone twenty-past seven. That startled him, he said. So up he jumped and raced back, to be just late for lock-up." The Head paused and searchingly eyed Monagan. "You remember?" he asked. "That was Mark Trytton's story."

"It was, sir," said Monagan, with a sceptical smile.

"When the Town Authorities requested me to investigate the affair they informed me that beyond any question the plug had been pared between seven and eight o'clock."

"As it was, sir," cried Monagan.

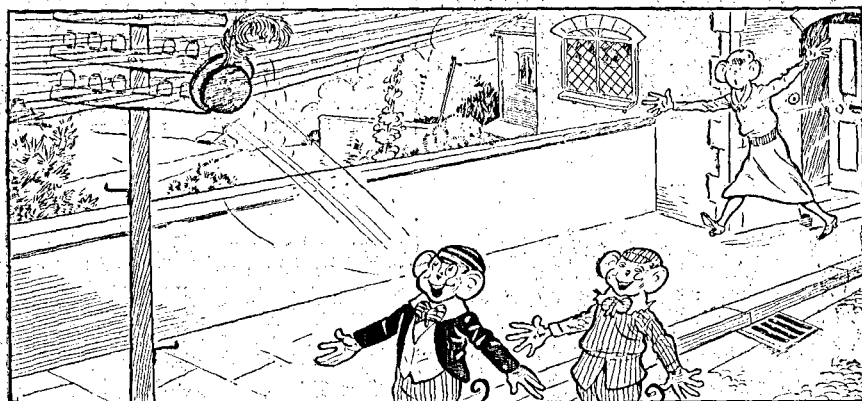
"On which assumption I was left with no choice but to take your story, Monagan, against Mark Trytton's story, your word against his. You were playing cricket for the School. Your spoke had been no more than a piece of boasting of your cleverness in using the talk at lunch to turn the Town Council's Chairman more against Fitch. You had confided in Trytton because you thought it would please him after the trouble Fitch had got him into with me. Monagan, there stood your version."

"It was true, sir," said Monagan. "I was putting it on a bit; I wanted Mark Trytton to think I'd impressed Spalding."

"So I can understand," the Head remarked coldly. "But as your version had made itself good, consider what must happen to Mark Trytton's version. Against his story stood the accepted time of the outrage; his detection in the boat at that very time; his unfortunate record of pranks with the boat; his declared intention of 'getting one up' on Fitch; and his recollection, no doubt, of my serious warning which might drive him to any lengths to get out of this fresh trouble. Now, Monagan?" The Head adjusted his glasses. "Now, Monagan, I have recapitulated the facts upon which Mark Trytton's brother is trying to throw a new light in order to give you every chance of restoring your memory before answering the final question I ask you. Monagan, did you or did you not pare that plug?"

Monagan moistened his lips with his tongue. "I did not, sir," he answered.

TO BE CONCLUDED



"Oh, my lovely hat!" shrieked Belinda

"Come on, let's trot off now," replied Jacko, who was already half-way down the garden path.

They raced across the meadow to the little house where Belinda lived with her husband Joe, and banged so hard on the knocker that Belinda came rushing out to see what could be the matter.

"Come to wish you many Happy Returns," said Jacko, and going up to her he gave her a smacking kiss.

"Why, that's very nice of you, Jacko," she said. "Come along into the kitchen. Perhaps you'd like to taste my birthday cake," and she went over to it and cut off two huge slices.

He lifted off the lid and pulled out a little round bowler.

"That's a man's hat," said Chimp.

"Not it!" said Jacko. "Look at the feather. That's the fashion. Cool! What a sight!"

And he ran out of the house swinging Belinda's treasure by its curly tail.

Just then a great gust of wind came round the corner, jerked the hat out of Jacko's hand, and sent it flying up to the telegraph pole. And there it stuck!

The boys' roars of laughter brought Belinda out. "Oh, my lovely hat!" she shrieked. "It's ruined!"

It wasn't, but the boys got no more cake that day.

**"Each tooth
a perfect
Ivory Castle—
keep on using
GIBBS
DENTIFRICE"**



Those twice-yearly visits to the Dentist. Do you fear them? You need not if you use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day. For Gibbs Dentifrice is the Dentist's strongest ally. Dental Authorities and Educationists agree that Gibbs is "as near ideal as a Dentifrice can be."

And it is so delightful to use. Its fragrant foam is like 'a breeze in the mouth.' Such a penetrating foam. It reaches every tiny crevice of the teeth—cleans thoroughly, purifies, refreshes; and polishes safely, beautifully.

Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice for each member of your family today. It is the world's best dentifrice and yet costs less and gives three times the service of others.

**Your
teeth are
Ivory Castles—
defend them
with**

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE

THE MOST ECONOMICAL DENTIFRICE.
A solid pink tablet in a neat, handy, hygienic aluminium case: Popular size 7½d; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. Gibbs Dental Cream in Tubes 6d and 1/-; for those who want all the advantages of Gibbs Dentifrice in Cream form.

D. & W. GIBBS LTD.
LONDON, E.1.

The Stamp Collector's Corner

CHEAP—CHOICE—CHARMING

For the world's finest
Approval Sheets of
Stamps write
to:—

ERRINGTON & MARTIN.
South Hackney, London, E.8. Established 1880.
A Grand
Free Gift to every
applicant for sheets,
enclosing 1d., for postage
if addressed to Department, No. 139

The Turk Packet FREE.

All applicants for my new approval sheets sending 1d. postage will receive 15 Turkish stamps free, Pictorial, War, Jubilee, Surcharged, etc., usually sold at 1/3. Additional free set to customers giving collectors' addresses.

H. WATKINS,

(Dept. C.P.2), 60, Leicester Rd., East Finchley N.2.

Offered as an Advertisement!

Our "ISLAMITE" packet contains 100 different splendid stamps from MOHAMMEDAN COUNTRIES ONLY, including superb set of 10 PERSIA (large attractive stamps), 25 TURKEY (including pictorials), 15 EGYPT, 10 ALGERIA (mostly pictorials), 20 TUNIS, and 3 IRAK, also scarce items from SOUDAN, ALAQUITE, LIBANON, SYRIA, MOROCCO, etc., etc. The total cat. value is about 12/-; to applicants for our price-lists we will supply this wonderful packet at 1/3 post free! (Only one packet to each applicant.) There never has been such an attractive offer of popular Near East stamps before, and we guarantee every purchaser will be delighted. Don't delay—order at once. FULL LISTS FREE. SPLENDID APPROVALS (any Country) against deposit or refs.—**NORRIS & CO. (Dept. CH.), NORWOOD, London, S.E.18, ENGLAND.**

10 PERSIA FREE

All applicants for my wonderful Approval Sheets and new List, who send 2d. postage, will receive this beautiful Set FREE. It contains 1911 issue young Shah head finely engraved, the 1926 issue, and the superb NEW ISSUE printed in brilliant colours (this Set is usually sold at 1/6). Send addresses of stamp collecting friends and receive an additional set of stamps free.

H. C. WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, Barnet.

FREE! 8 German Belgium

This historic set was put on sale for use in the territory of Belgium that was occupied by Germany during the Great War, 1916-18. No collection is complete without these Stamps.

To all Stamp Collectors enclosing 1d. postage (abroad 2½d.), I will send this set absolutely free.

G. P. KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.

MARVELLOUS STAMP CASKET FREE

Everything for Stamp Collectors, including Matlock Tweezers, Kristal-Klar Envelopes, Matlock Mounts, and Live Horse-Post Persia (Cat. 1/6). The Casket has hinged lid showing in colour the Highest English Precipice—at Matlock, the Home of Philately. It also contains a Watermark Director and Performance Gauge. Send 3d. postage, or, including Magnifying Glass, 4d. Ask for Approvals.

VICTOR BANCROFT (Dept. C.H.), Matlock, England.



KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 4/6, 3 lb. 9/-. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. White or Navy 3/4 lb. Heather Mixture 3/3 per lb. post free. **PURE WOOL SERGES** from 2/8 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Cottons, etc. Patterns sent with pleasure.
NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION
EGERTON BURNETT'S  **WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.**

"I love Sardines."

I'd get up in the middle of the night to have some," said a young enthusiast, and it was

Marie Elisabeth

THE REAL SARDINES

that were referred to. They are not costly and are obtainable at practically every grocer's.

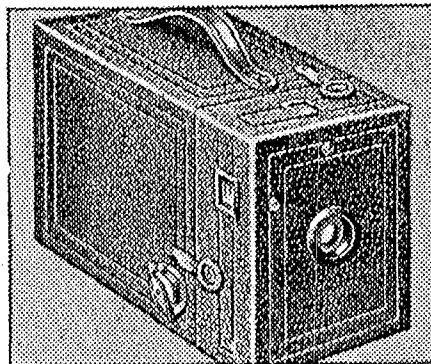
*If it's
CREMONA
it's good
Toffee!*
Try "RED BOY" Chocolate Assortment

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Any gift will be gratefully received by

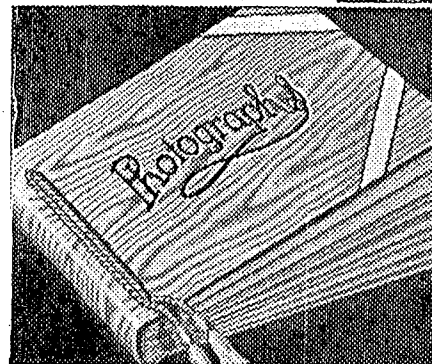
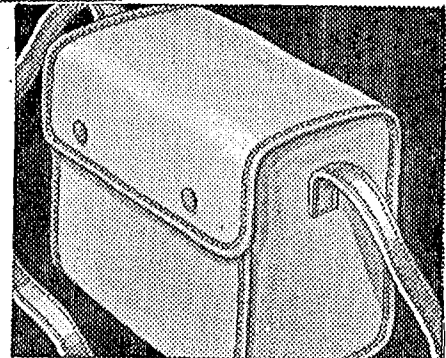
LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.
President—**WALTER SCOLES, Esq.**

LOOK WHAT'S IN THE NEW NESTLÉ'S GIFT BOOK



A "Hawkeye" Camera made by Kodak. A water-proof case to carry it in. A silk-bound album to mount the snaps you have taken! These are just three out of scores of useful gifts in the new Nestlé's Free Gift Book.

In every Nestlé's packing, from the 2d. wrapped bar upwards, there are one or more Free Gift Coupons. Send to-day for this, the finest list ever offered of things you really want.



And with the Free Gift Book comes a voucher for five coupons just to give you a start.

- G. 135. Camera with two View-finders. 140 Coupons.
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NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE

To Nestlé's (Gift Dept.), Silverthorne Rd., Battersea, London, S.W.8.
Please send me Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS and the NEW Nestlé's Presentation List. 55/26.9.31

NAME
(IN BLOCK CAPITALS)

Address

This offer applies only to Gt. Britain & N. Ireland. 1d. Stamp sufficient if envelope is unsealed.

FIVE FREE COUPONS

832 Pages of Reading and 12 Colour Plates!

CHUMS ANNUAL

At all Newsagents
and Booksellers **12/6**

Stories of School, Sport, Mystery, and Adventure for all Manly Boys!

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 26, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

How Many Answers?

A TWO-SHILLING piece was tendered in payment for a bill and change was given in seven copper coins, none of which was a farthing.

How many correct answers can be given to the question What was the amount of the bill?

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



Le gong La chèvre La guêpe

J'entends le gong : allons dîner. La chèvre a une petite barbe. La guêpe se porte sur la jambe.

The Ancients Were Modern

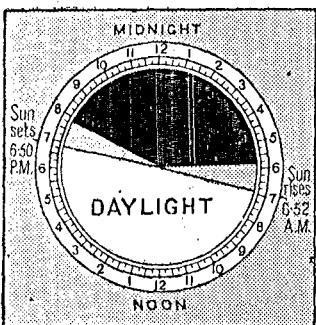
A Model Dairy. It seems that only in recent years have we realised the value of clean milk, but in a frieze carved in Mesopotamia about 3000 B.C. is depicted a model dairy of those days. In one corner the dairymaid may be seen carefully pouring the milk through a strainer in a most hygienic fashion.

Head and Tail

COMPLETE, I am a host; behold me, I am what we like to be in winter; now curtail me and I am a calamity.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets shorter each day.

Roses For Christmas

IN late autumn there are often buds on rose bushes. They are not likely to expand fully in the open, but they can be stored until Christmas.

Pick buds in which the colours of the petals can be seen, and push the stalks into a layer of damp sand spread on a dish. Cover the buds with inverted glass jars. Store in a cool, dark place and see that the sand is just moist—not really wet. Look at the buds about once a week and remove any mil-

dew. At Christmas snip off the end of each stalk and put the buds into about an inch of hot water. When the water is cool the buds will have started to open. If the outer petals are faded they can be gently pulled away to disclose the perfect inner ones.

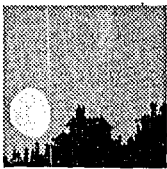
The Eskimo's Igloo

MOST people believe that an igloo is just an Eskimo snow house, but according to Stefansson, the famous explorer, any more or less permanent shelter for man or beast is an igloo. It need not be built of snow; it may be of logs, bones, turf, or stones.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Jupiter and Mercury are in the East. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Tuesday, September 29.



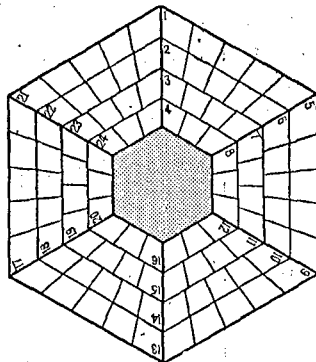
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to August 29 are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1931	1930
London	5430	5681
Glasgow	4688	1806
Dublin	768	825
Belfast	719	680
Leeds	560	617
Edinburgh	488	515
Cardiff	308	296
Plymouth	259	275
Derby	195	201
Ipswich	135	112
Reading	118	99
Chester	60	56

Rhyming Puzzle

BELOW are given clues for the 24 words in this design. The four words in each section rhyme with one another.

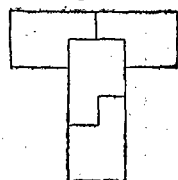


1 Yell. 2 Mock. 3 A spell. 4 Not in. 5 Raft. 6 4d piece. 7 Circular ditch. 8 Ceréal. 9 Play badly. 10 In Rugby. 11 Musical instrument. 12 Adhesive. 13 Insufficient. 14 Slope. 15 Gasp. 16 Insect. 17 Cut. 18 Transparent. 19 Terror. 20 Organ of the body. 21 Step. 22 Strip. 23 Flown. 24 Crimson.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Dividing the Field Pictorial Acrostic

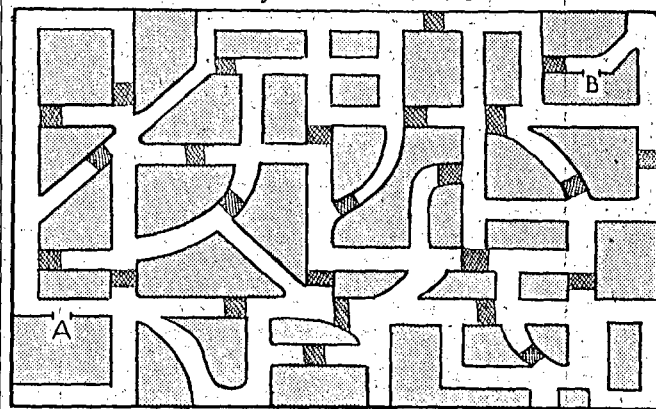


R o o f
I c e
Ventilator
E a r
Railway
A Mystery
U, hue, yew,
Hugh, you,
hew.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

CLAM CACHE ALSO
OAR TAPROOT OLD
HYDRANT ENRAGED
EEUSE B SATTEE
TRONS TEE MOATS
R SNEER APPLYET
ULE MINTS LAYE
SPORE PAS ASHES

Which Way Did the Motorist Go?



This plan represents part of a city, with many streets blocked by traffic or by road repairs. Find the way a motorist drove from A to B.

Dr MERRYMAN

Time to Wake Up

WHITE: Supposing you suddenly came into a fortune, what would you do with it?

Black: Nothing; the alarm would go off before I had a chance to spend a penny of it.

Hard to Understand

BILL: It says here that money talks, Father.

Father: Quite right, my boy; but to me it only speaks broken English.

Business

SHE was inquiring about the price of photographs.

"For this size we charge five shillings for the first copy and two shillings a copy afterwards," said the photographer.

"You keep the first copy, then, and I'll take two of the others."

The Smuggler's Cave



WHEN Nibbles took a holiday

At Shinglebeach-on-Sea,
He saw the famous Smuggler's Cave
And cried: What puzzles me
Is how they tackled such a job
And finished it. My hat!
It must have needed all the mice
To make a hole like that!

Silence Is Golden

JOHNNY was indignant.
"Our new neighbour knows nothing at all about music," he said one day.

"Why do you say that?" asked Mother.

"Because he's just told me to cut open my drum to see what is inside it!"

A Terrible Thought

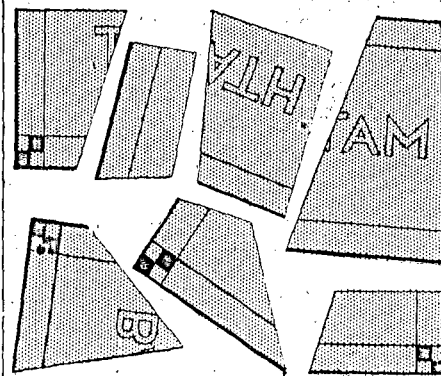
TOM: When I hear these songs being whistled I am so thankful to the whistlers.

Dick: Thankful?
Tom: Yes. Suppose they could whistle the words!

Not Likely

DOCTOR: Your wife has imaginary ailments. I'll give her some imaginary medicine.

Husband: And send in an imaginary bill?



Jump on this when bathing's o'er
Keep the drippings off the floor
What are those funny letters for

You will notice two mysterious words, TAM HTAB, when you have cut out these pieces and pasted them together on a postcard. (Next time you are in the bathroom turn the bath mat over for the English translation!) Send the postcard, with your name and address written beside the picture, to the address given below, and you will receive by return of post a free sample tube of Kolynos.

Kolynos needs no translation. Simply squeeze half an inch on your brush and you will know in a minute that Kolynos means delicious taste and smell, cleansing foam, white teeth and clean mouth.

Kolynos thoroughly cleans away all particles of food from teeth and gums, leaving nothing to set up decay.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Send your postcard to Kolynos (Dept. C 50), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1. Don't forget your name and address.



Ask Mummy
to buy
KREEMY PIECES

Then you are sure of a real treat, for Sharp's Kreemy Toffee Pieces are so pure and wholesome, so lovely in flavour and such a lot for the money. Mummy will certainly buy you some if you ask her very nicely, because if she has tasted it she likes it herself.

SHARP'S
KREEMY
TOFFEE
PIECES



FIVE-MINUTE STORY

GRANNY LOVELOCK had a box; a mysterious, locked box—containing secrets, so the village people said.

Everyone in the village knew it, for it stood on Granny's dresser, just within the entrance to her cottage; but its contents were a mystery, and so it became a subject for gossip. Some said that in it Granny had "something put by," meaning a small fortune; romantic busy-bodies whispered of love-letters tied with faded ribbon. But nobody knew, and after Granny's death the box was found to be empty.

It hadn't always been empty. Years before, Peggy and Milly, the village twins, each had a present of a beau-

tiful doll's perambulator and a charming baby doll to go in it given them on their seventh birthday.

They were the envy of all the village children as they set off with their new toys down the lane. When they reached Granny Lovelock's cottage they had quite a crowd with them.

Granny was at her gate as the procession passed.

"Goodness me," she said, as she stooped down to peep under the hoods, "I never had a dolly like that!"

"What sort of doll did you have?" asked Milly.

"Just a wooden one," answered Granny, and all the children laughed loudly. "But I loved her!" Granny added

earnestly; and the children roared again.

Granny's lips tightened as she went back indoors.

Late that night, when lamps were lit and Peggy and Milly were in bed, the old lady took a little key from her purse, brought the box—the famous, secret box—from the dresser, put it on the lamp-lit table and unlocked the lid. Then very gently she lifted out a lavender-scented bundle which she carefully unwrapped, and there lay a wooden doll.

It was a battered, wooden Betty, such as all our grannies used to have; its wooden body clothed in a long, print frock, one of its wooden arms missing (it never had any

GRANNY'S SECRET BOX

legs!). Its head was a round, wooden ball, its poor face brown and scarred, its hair a ginger woollen mat, fastened on the top with a big-headed nail. Not a thing of beauty.

Granny lifted this poor doll very carefully, and kissed her once. Then she took her to the fire and burned her, clothes, lavender-wrapper and all. And while Wooden Betty passed away Granny closed the box, put it back on the dresser, and threw the little key into the ashes.

"No one shall make fun of her! No one shall ever make fun of her!" she muttered as she went up to her bed.

And that is why, when Granny died, neighbours found the mysterious box empty.